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Around Town.

The result of the mayoralty election in Toronto as viewed on paper would lead outsiders to believe that it was a very spirited contest. The fact is known, however, to all save a few who became tangled up in the affair—for a man can drown himself in a barrel of water as readily as in the Atlantic if he climbs in head first—that there has been no mayoralty campaign here for years which aroused so little general interest. Although the number of votes on the list may be assumed to have increased during the year, the total number of votes cast was two thousand less than last year. And this was not due to lack of organization. Mr. Kennedy's forces were well organized, and as for the claim that Mr. Fleming suffered by his late entrance into the field, which deprived him of organization, that is too thin, for he chose the moment to declare himself that would best serve his cause. There is no doubt that the question was well weighed and that he decided to enter the field late and raise a big hurrah. No effort was spared on either side and the smallness of the vote can be ascribed to nothing but public indifference as to which unsatisfactory claimant should be successful.

There is very little comfort in the result for either candidate, although the egotism of the vanquished is likely to be less ruffled than the gentle vanity of the victor. Mr. Fleming's friends will tell you boastfully that nothing short of being run over by an electric snow-plow will disturb the complacency of their hero. It is an eccentric virtue this, but it has its admirers. Mr. Fleming had the advantage of a year's seclusion during which the electors could forget those characteristics that mar his energy. During the same year he also had this advantage, that his adversary was exposing himself to ridicule, with a careful attention to detail and a natural talent for seizing opportunities that made it look as though to be conspicuous and ridiculous had been the one fond, and now happily realized, dream of his youth. And yet, notwithstanding these advantages, Mr. Fleming failed to win. His failure means that the people are through with him, that his short day has passed. Mayor Kennedy cannot congratulate himself on the result, and his condemnation lies not in the vote polled by his adversary—for anyone supported by the same influences could not have failed to poll the same vote as Mr. Fleming secured—but he is censured by those who abstained from voting. He is condemned in the fact that his support of last year shrank to almost insufficient dimensions. Before the election he must have conceded Fleming ten thousand supporters, but he no doubt figured upon thirteen thousand for himself. Both candidates are therefore rebuked.

Mayor Kennedy's election is, however, a matter for congratulation, under the circumstances, for he must be considered in comparison with his adversary. He has not been brilliant; he may not be brilliant, but he has done and is doing a great public service, for he has prevented, and is preventing, a high and honorable office from reposing in the hands of a song-and-dance man. He is holding the place in readiness for the fitting occupant who shall come to it sooner or later, when the city shall have grown sane and shall have, even dimly, realized the importance of the office it has been handing about so aimlessly. His successes invite men bigger in finance and commerce to come forward and commit their names and fames to the newly discovered and long unsuspected sense of the people, for if he, disguised as one possessed of strong business capacity, can win the office by an unprecedented majority from the typical variety of mayor, and in face of his blunders and his passivity can hold it against the same adversary, it indicates that a business man of real strength and capacity for big affairs has only to come forward to be welcomed. In this aspect of the case his presence there is the first hopeful circumstance of a long period in our civic history. He has indicated certain possibilities for the future. His recapture of the office has shown that the people do not desire to restore the old order of things; the loss of his big vote last year shows that he was then supported as a type, not as a personality.

It is understood that Mr. Fleming will demand a recount, and that should this fail, the irrepressible E. A. Macdonald will attempt to have Mayor Kennedy's election upset. Should this charming programme be carried through to success, these enterprising twins will find to their discomfiture that three thousand voters in this city are not dead, but sleeping.

The fire of Sunday morning was the worst calamity of the kind that has ever visited the city. In order to be able to make this statement without dreading that the oldest inhabitant would challenge it, I sent across to Mr. McGowan, secretary of the Fire Department, who is as full of facts as an encyclopedia, for the dates and figures of the two next largest fires. If the total losses in this case, when finally adjusted, reach the alleged total of \$650,000, this will be the heaviest loss ever occasioned by any one fire in the history of Toronto. The Iron Block fire is recalled by the present event. The first one occurred at ten o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1872, and the loss amounted to \$400,000. The second occurred at 5:30 a.m. on Sunday, May 12, 1872, and the loss was \$150,000. The great Esplanade fire occurred at 12:30 a.m. on Monday, August 3, 1885, and the loss was \$350,000.

No firemen were killed at any of these fires, but it will be remembered that the night-watchman of the Glucose factory, in which the Esplanade fire originated, was burned to death. Of course in these calculations no record is made of the second and greater disaster of Thursday, which ate out the city's core.

One point that seems to have been brought out is that the Fire Underwriters are not merely the wolves that aldermen and editors have supposed, but are also experts in their line of business and any advice they may give should be accepted after, perhaps, deducting a certain percentage for the self-interest they are apt to evince. The city has repeatedly been urged to get a couple of first-class fire engines, but the advice

Another lesson impressed by this fire is that rebuilt, patched-over buildings, such as that occupied by the *Globe*, are not to be depended upon. In such a building a tenant must necessarily pay more for insurance than would enable him to occupy a better building.

The conduct of Chief Ardagh calls for the sincerest praise. He has shown once more that he is possessed of the highest courage and the coolest judgment. He never asks a fireman to go where he dare not lead. Until that serious accident befell him—and his escape from death is a modern miracle—he was always in the thick of the fight and in the most dangerous place. He is of the stuff of which leaders of men are made, and it is largely due to him that such a fine courage

stock was valued at \$100,000. The head of the firm was on the Atlantic ocean, yet before noon on Sunday the manager had cabled to London for an entire new stock to be purchased and shipped at once. Monday morning the firm's business went along at the old-time premises. The Toronto Lithographing Company, with all its valuable plant lost, not a tool recovered, within twenty-four hours had rented temporary premises and begun the work of re-creating its business. Just as rapidly the Brough Printing Company had opened new premises and had begun buying new plant. Harry Webb, whose disaster aroused a general interest second only to that of *The Globe*, continues his catering business in full swing at his up-town premises. Nicholas Rooney was on his feet in an instant, and with his manager grappled with

astute and capable of sizing up a social movement as the clergy of the Roman Catholic church. I have read an article in which the New Woman theory has been denounced and I am convinced that the idea is not a fad, but a something which may lead to a social pestilence. The very delicate ground that would have to be occupied by anyone who discussed this question must be the province of the churches, and I am glad to see that they are occupying it. My only intention is to point out a few results, not of the New Woman propaganda, but of the Rude Woman as she is seen every day in the street cars and in her conduct of what she calls business.

I think it can result in nothing but disaster when every day girls are shown the example of elderly women who try to occupy two places in a street car. It is still more disastrous when with a smile of exultation a young woman spreads her skirts on a seat and really defies anyone to sit down on either side of her without addressing her as no man should be forced to speak to a woman. The aggressive woman is a dangerous quantity. From the beginning of time she has been in existence and has demanded attention which she had no right to receive. She believes herself entitled to stare boldly at a man, to treat him rudely if he thinks he is entitled to assert his rights, to blackmail him if he becomes her victim, to pose as a martyr if she becomes his victim. This complicated state of affairs will never work out to the woman's advantage. However, that is not the phase of it that I desire to touch; it is the influence of these people upon the girls who will be the young women of five years from now.

I have often been accused of undue radicalism and a desire for the overturning of conventionalities. If I was ever guilty in the past of such tendencies—and I cannot recollect wherein I have sinned—I feel sure of at least one thing, that never in the future can I be arraigned for the encouragement of any radicalism that will encourage women to be rude and self-assertive. On the general plan that a woman loses her chief charm when she assumes the offensive, and on the individual idea that she begins to play a game for which she is not properly equipped, I should be sorry to encourage the New Woman notion amongst those who understand nothing of the dangers to which they must necessarily expose themselves. It means, as a great prelate has intimated, that women propose to act, not as the better half but as the stronger half. It must be recognized that there is only one strength that a woman possesses to ensnare and enslave and mislead, as well as control and soften, men, and if that be exercised without regard to matrimony and those gentle ideals which perhaps are the only inducements for a man to abandon his free condition, the evils that result will not be heaped altogether upon the men. The New Woman notion is a crazy seeking after the impossible and must certainly result in the prevalence of what may be mildly designated as the Improper. When things that are not masculine are demanded of men, the reaction, it seems to me, will take the shape of women assuming to a certain extent the right of selection and consequently entering upon the state of indefinite relations which the spirit of maternity will demand and old-fashioned usages will not control. The prudent and well informed woman will perhaps not be seriously damaged in this sort of thing, but the ignorant and the careless—and do they not compose the vast majority?—will be subject to a thousand wrongs and injuries if this strange ideal of selection become popular.

The bearing of this whole matter is on our educational plan, inasmuch as the result of the propaganda cannot reach its climax for many years to come, even if it be uninterrupted by the protest of those who have foresight enough to see where it will end. I think one of the most important matters in this connection is the proper education of our girls. At present they go to public schools, fight in class and examinations and in matters of promotion with the boys. This is all right enough if they have refined influences at home, but the mere acquiring of knowledge without adding to the graces of one's character, the refinement and politeness which adorn but never injure, constitutes a half education. It seems to me one of the most dangerous things of modern life.

It is a too common mistake to ignore the influence of those who have been taught to respect all the finer feelings and to understand the gentler attainments which go to build up the attractive and consequently the successful man or woman of this century. I think those who have sons or daughters will understand the propriety of a desire that their girls shall have the instincts and manners of a lady and their sons shall have the impulses of the code of honor and the acquirements of a gentleman. The words gentleman and lady are not used in a snobbish sense, but purely in the gentle sense. We all know women whose lives are beautiful, whose every movement is gentle and sweet, whom to meet is a pleasure half divine, and we are compelled to ask if our social mechanism is gauged to produce their counterparts in the rising generation. We have a right to enquire if the common school education of to-day is filling the bill. All children are being developed on an even plane. The very sameness of their acquirements makes it impossible, except in the



The Artist Girls turned in to begin their hard day's work.

See chapter V. of *And Lost His Good Name*.

was rejected. Had a couple of good engines been at the disposal of the Fire Brigade on Sunday morning the destruction of property would probably have been reduced fifty or seventy-five per cent. When the eaves of the McKinnon building were ignited our whole fire apparatus seemed like a toy concern. Impotent streams of water were thrown up four or five stories and fell uselessly to earth again. The chances are that an engine could have saved the McKinnon building. I believe the Fire Department recommended to the Council more than three years ago that two engines should be bought, but the proposal was voted down. I remember that when going home from work in a daily newspaper office at four o'clock one morning, I surprised a detachment of firemen attempting to throw water to the top of the Canada Life building. It had been asserted in Council that water could be projected over any building in the city. The experiment that morning conclusively proved that buildings over five stories in height are practically at the mercy of fire. The result must have been communicated to Council, yet nothing was done.

pervades the whole force, from the deputies who act immediately under him to the newest recruit who, though drawing only a dollar a day, yet proves himself a hero at the time of trial.

No better evidence could be put forward in proof of the fact that Toronto is a city of big affairs and that its business concerns have outgrown the period of experiment and adventure, than the way the burned-out enterprises sprang to their feet for action. Everyone knows how the *Globe*, by its own enterprise and through the courtesy of the *Empire*, has continued to issue without missing a cog. Its vivacity in the moment of disaster has cemented the good-will which its strong business and editorial management has won from political opponents. The fire began shortly before three o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock *The Globe* had opened a new business office on King street while the fire was yet roaring in its home. S. F. McKinnon's new wholesale house, just occupied for a couple of days, was consumed to the bare brick walls. The building had cost \$90,000, and the

emergency, and the smaller losers were not a whit behind. Although the loss is estimated at \$650,000, not one of the burned-out enterprises has failed to come up full of vim to recover lost ground. When people got down to the scene of the catastrophe, they found contractors already at work removing the debris. A metropolitan vigor has been shown in this emergency.

Last week I had an article with regard to the growing snobbishness of the people of the new world in dressing their children. The reception that this somewhat intrusive attack upon the private reasons for dress extravagance has received, has encouraged me to go a little further.

I had imagined that this New Woman business was a fad and that the propagandists of the doctrine were so few that their influence would be small. Now I am convinced that those who have similar views to the ones I am about to renounce, are mistaken. There is no one so clever, so well equipped, so thoroughly

case of genius or special ability, to shine anywhere. Without disparaging the result, I am not afraid to assert that it is merely raising the level of the whole output of a public school. Connected with this development of thousands of children on the same line, there must necessarily be a great many evils. At this point I find myself in sympathy for a moment with those who advocate separate pariah and denominational schools, but the point of contact is but for a second. The public have no responsibility except in providing these. Organizations may come into existence, and I think should come into existence, largely modifying these results. I am anxious not to be misunderstood; people should handle their educational system undenominational, without consideration of sect, class or creed, but no sect, or class, or creed has a right to be heard or to have influence that does not provide its own modifying influences. It must seem so unimportant to them all as to justify the abandonment of all special training, or else measures should be adopted by each and all of them to produce a particular belief, refinement or phase of character. This is quite possible, it seems to me, in cities where material is so plentiful and educational advantages are so general.

A number of denominational colleges have grouped themselves about the University. This seems to me right. The higher education is given and yet the school men have not lost their grip upon the youth of the country. Perhaps it is well that it started in the higher walks of education, but it should not be forgotten that the great majority, even of the better educated class, never reach the University nor any of the colleges connected therewith.

The question I desire to ask, and the one that is the mainspring of this article, is: Why should not those who have particular beliefs in matters of religion group themselves about the collegiate institutions and establish pensions where girls can be educated and refined? It may seem a rather brutal thing to say that our women need refinement, need to be taught the gentler side of life by gentlewomen. No man who moves about in public places, no one who stands, as I have stood many a time, at the gate of a school yard and observes the children coming out and their manner of conversation and their conduct, can doubt that in this new country we are not quite keeping up to the old ideas of what a gentlewoman ought to be.

I do not imagine that it would ever be possible for a city to take charge of this, but when new means of making money are being discussed it is right enough to offer a suggestion that pensions should be established in connection with high schools, where good English, French and German are spoken, where the girls will be marshalled to their studies in a public institution and pay a self-supporting fee. In this way the city would derive advantage inasmuch as a fee would be obtained from outsiders sufficient to pay the expense of teaching, and the money spent by outsiders would be in addition to the general business. It is well enough to learn foreign languages in our Collegiate Institutions, but the language is really almost valueless inasmuch as the student does not learn to speak it. We should be cosmopolitan in our notions. We clamor loudly when viewing the French-Canadian in his exclusiveness. It seems objectionable to us that he will not learn English. Why should not the children of those who desire to have a place in the world socially, in the world as a literary institution, in the world as a pleasure-giving and pleasure-obtaining center, not learn French and German and all the other languages? Would not the girls and boys be better equipped? Money could be made by anyone starting a training school in connection with collegiate institutions all over the country, where the habits would be supervised, the accent attended to, even in English; where the graces and restraints of a Christian home would be given.

I am free to admit that the ordinary private school system of Canada is exceedingly poor. In Germany, for instance, no private school is permitted to receive a pupil under the age of twelve years unless the public school inspector has a right to not only examine the teacher, but to inspect the school. In that autocratic realm it is an accepted idea that the child up to twelve is a ward of the state, that no matter where he or she goes to school the state inspector must see that he or she is receiving proper education. They will not permit anyone to accept a pupil under twelve unless the teacher has the attainments demanded by law and has passed the requisite examination. The consequence is that private schools are as thoroughly inspected as the public ones. Here in Toronto we have a great many private schools, some of them taught by people who are unfit to teach. A desire for gentler or special education for their children leads parents to patronize these schools and colleges, many of them without the slightest element of either refinement or special inducements. I think that the school law should be changed so that not only separate schools should be inspected by public inspectors, but that private schools should also come under the purview of the Educational Department. Anyone who establishes a pension in connection with a public school should be encouraged. Foreign languages could be taught there; refined Christian influences could be placed around the children who live in those homes. And again it must be remembered that in a new country this refinement cannot always be found at home. Even the usages of society are not taught there in every instance.

Take Upper Canada College for instance. It has been a great success in the past. I fear that under its present management it is not a very great success. The Educational Department of this province has a reason to ask why, and the parents of the boys who are attending there can answer the question and account for the falling off in attendance and in the receipt of fees. An institution of that sort has no right to exist in this province

except it is self-supporting. It cannot exist unless those who control it are model gentlemen into whose charge boys may be put with a feeling of safety on the part of the parents that everything fine and gentle will be taught them, that honor and propriety will be the rule and that those in charge shall be shining examples of what gentlemen everywhere should be. That Upper Canada College as at present managed fills this bill is open to dispute. I regret to state it, because it is not a pleasant task to criticize the management of any public institution. Until the whole outfit, with a few exceptions, is entirely changed it cannot be as attractive in the future as it has been in the past. It is said that politics have something to do with it. If so, politics should be taken out. It cannot be made a pensioner on the public of this province, because all those who desire anything but a common school education should personally be made pay for it.

The institutions that suggest in connection with high schools should all be made self-supporting. Not a dollar of public funds should ever be voted them, yet I believe that if the present one-horse denominational colleges for girls and boys were abandoned and these auxiliary establishments placed in connection with collegiate institutions, there would be money in it for those in charge and a great deal of good would result to the public. I only try to suggest the idea and shall revert to it again. Protestantism lacks these schools; Protestantism lacks the discipline of the schools conducted by nuns; it lacks the opportunities that convents afford young girls who need proper training in other things than the mere curriculum of the public school and the collegiate institution. These facilities could be afforded by the institutions I suggest. I boldly declare that they are not afforded by the girls' schools of this country. The majority of girls' schools are no good. They are unnecessary. All such schools should be in affiliation with the collegiate institutions. The grouping of colleges about the University of Toronto is the first movement towards the grouping of such institutions around grammar schools, and hundreds of us who now send children to convents, where the ordinary training in English branches is superficial and inadequate, would patronize the training schools in connection with collegiate institutions and public schools, where I am proud to say there is no better education afforded in the whole world than is given right here in Ontario. If we provided these advantages and insisted on an inspection of private schools and colleges, I am of the belief that convent education would become a thing of the past, and that those splendid women who now conduct such schools would seek to their advantage to undertake the moral and social education of children rather than the general studies, for which it must be admitted they are not well equipped.

Money Matters.

Whether it be the birth of the new year giving hope, or the resurrection of hope in the human breast I know not, but there is a general feeling among all classes, even among some pessimists, that things are going to be better. What reason there can be for this I am not certain, because few can tell, but there is no doubt that when things do come to what one thinks is the worst, they begin to mend, and this seems to be the real reason for this hopeful tone. There is no doubt whatever that the beginning of a course of amendment is courage, and if this be not Dutch courage, over the New Year holiday season, let it be safely put down as true. In ninety cases out of ten when one feels in his bones that he is going to do better, then he will do it. There is one thing that I can give as a matter of encouragement to this feeling, and that is something which I am really afraid to mention. The citizen of Toronto is, somehow or other, imbued with the spirit that leads him to kill the goose. If you go to sell an article you cannot get 50c. on the dollar for it, but if you want to buy an article it is run up as much above 100c. as possible. As an example of this: A couple of weeks ago I was giving my opinion as to how trade could be revived, and threw out promiscuously a suggestion about vitrified brick, because I knew that the most, if not all, of that article is imported from the States. Well, a gentleman wrote to me and said, in a fearful strain, that he was sorry I had mentioned such an article as would be likely to bring some profit, because he had been under terms to purchase a field for the manufacture of that article at a reasonable figure, and immediately after they saw the notice in SATURDAY NIGHT the price went up to such a figure that he could not possibly buy it. This is the dog-in-the-manger policy that has done so much injury to Toronto. Civic authorities have shown the example, afraid to let any man get anything by which he could earn an honest penny, and at the same time have pursued a do-nothing policy themselves. Result: Hamilton has the snoring furnace, and Toronto has Ashbridge's Bay. Now it is no use preaching, because everyone will get as much as he possibly can, but perhaps I might, for once, suggest some prudence in a line which has been in the gutter for some years, and this is the pointer I am afraid to give.

Real estate has been the ruin of a good many, caused chiefly by boomsters and speculators. Now, like the city of Montreal, the speculator is not in it to-day, but those who have a little cash, for which they cannot get sufficient returns in the banks, are quickly buying real estate within their means for actual use. I know of a good few transactions that have been carried through within the last two or three weeks, and in no case has the price paid been over a fair valuation, or rather revaluation. In one or two cases the prices have been under what might be called, even at the present time, a fair valuation, but that shows the trend of affairs at present, and if those who hold real estate and wish to get quit of it will only be reasonable in their demands. I think there is no fear whatever but that some of the money that is being let loose will find its way into this channel and be the means of giving relief to many who sorely need it.

The disastrous fires which have occurred this week should be a lesson to the wisecracks who pretend to administer the affairs of Toronto. Had it not been that God, in His good providence, sent a heavy fall of snow, there is every probability that the west end of Toronto would have been to-day a scene of desolation. But I hear on all sides that this will give employment to many builders, plumbers, etc. That is very true, but do they consider the loss that is entailed by the employees who will have nothing to do, not to speak of the loss of trade and lost material? The rebuilding of a factory is by no means equal to the building of a new factory, because there will be no enlarged field for employment and no greater circulation of money, except for some new material. Now, as a contrast between the two leading cities of Canada, I may say that in that poor old village, Montreal, so much looked down upon by the Queen City, they have had steam fire engines for years, and the only dispute in the Council there has been always to get an improvement. Another contrast is in the way of enterprise, for which

Toronto claims the guerdon. Since the first of the year there have been three charters granted to Montreal companies, all for practicable purposes and with an aggregate capital of \$300,000; one for a Car and Paper Company, another for a Watch Case Company, and the third for an Engraving and Lithographing Company. Can anyone tell me what enterprise there has been in Toronto this year equal to that?

I see the Noxon Manufacturing Company of Ingersoll have opened their works, after being closed for five months. This is taken as one of the signs of the times. The fact is, however, that they close down every year, but this last year they have been closed down longer than usual, and they must of necessity begin now to manufacture something if they intend to fill any orders this year.

C.P.R. stock is very weak. The returns for the week ending December 31 show a decrease of \$32,000 as compared with the corresponding week of the year previous. To meet the reduced revenue there has been a wholesale discharge of employees and a general reduction of wages.

Ontario Bank stock is, as I anticipated, recovering, because friends have come to the assistance of the Bank. I understand that the Bank of Montreal and the Merchants' Bank will support the Ontario Bank in the event of a run. There is some talk on the street about changing management, but I hardly think that the supporters of this Bank would swap horses crossing a stream.

The Toronto Railway stock is stiff. There is a goodly amount of stock offered at one point higher than is paid. I don't know why. Montreal Railway stock is being boomed up at a rate that I don't like. At the present price the return is only about 1 per cent, and the present price is on the supposition that they may declare a higher dividend, but can they do so? Their earnings will not admit it. Compared with the Toronto Street Railway stock the price is too high, because this stock shows a surplus of 10 per cent, surplus earnings. So my readers can judge of the value of the two stocks.

The Commercial Cable and the Bell Telephone stocks are weaker, owing entirely to dullness of trade.

Simcoe Town is issuing debenture stock of \$450 for local improvement bearing 5 per cent, interest, payable in 20 years, equal payments.

The City of Kamloops, B.C., offers debenture stock for Water Works of \$25,000, bearing 5 per cent, interest per annum, payable in 25 years, but the corporation reserves the right to redeem the stock after six months' notice at any time, or to repay the stock in 15 years. So little is known about the present condition of Kamloops that I have written for full particulars as to its responsibility and capabilities, and I hope next week to be able to give my readers full particulars.

Social and Personal.

With the holiday dances over, society is now turning its expectations to the Cricketers' Ball, which is to be held in the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday evening, January 24. An addition in the way of a permanent supper-room is now being constructed on the north side of the hall and will be completed in time for the dance. It will seat several hundred people with comfort, and the only defect to a ball in the old Pavilion is now removed. The new conservatory, in which the beautiful plants presented to the city by Sir David Macpherson are now being installed, will furnish a delightful sitting-out place. It is expected that Lord Ava and several other distinguished visitors will be present. The patronesses are: Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Clarke Jones, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. Nichol Kingsmill, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. E. B. Oiler, Mrs. Street and Mrs. John Wright. Major Cosby is Chairman of the Ball Committee and Messrs. Stewart Houston and Wallace Jones are honorary secretaries. The stewards are: Messrs. Lyndhurst Ogden, A. E. McLaughlin, Dr. Ogden Jones, J. M. Laing, J. E. Hall, John Wright, Lorne Cosby, Reginald Thomas, Hon. Justice Street, S. C. Wood, C. J. R. Bethune, W. R. Wadsworth, D. W. Saunders, H. J. Bethune, D. L. McCarthy and H. Montzambert.

The engagement of Mr. R. S. Williams, jr., and Miss Alma Coleman is announced.

The Young Bachelors' Club will hold their second annual dance in the ball-room of the Confederation Life Building on Friday, February 1, at nine o'clock.

The date for the bal poudre has been fixed for the Monday before Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Heintzman and family will spend the winter in Bermuda.

Mrs. W. K. George, who has returned to Toronto after residing in Chicago for the past three years, has taken up house at 55 Isabella street and will be at home to her friends on the first and second Mondays of each month.

Mrs. Darling of Pembroke street gives a tea on Thursday next.

Miss Inez Mitchell and Mr. Edward Mitchell of St. George street have sent out cards for a young people's dance on the evening of Jan. 25.

Mrs. Laing of Lowther avenue has issued cards for an At Home from 4.30 to 7 o'clock on Wednesday next.

The second hop of the Octagon Club will be held on Tuesday, January 23, at the Art Gallery.

The Athletic Club's dance is turning out a success, inasmuch as a good many nice little parties are being made up to attend it. I have heard of half a dozen already.

The marriage of Miss Victoria Mason, daughter of Mr. George J. Mason of Harr Hall, Victoria crescent, Parkdale, and the Rev. A. H. Wright of Prince Albert, took place on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock in St. Mark's church, Parkdale. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard Harrison of St. Matthias, uncle of the bride, assisted by the rector, Rev. Charles Ingles, and Canon Sweeney of St. Philip's. The bridal party were preceded to the chancel by the surpliced choir of St. Mark's, singing a nuptial hymn. The service was most impressive and an eloquent address was given to the newly wedded pair by the Canon after the marriage ceremony. Miss Mason's wedding gown was of cream satin with a deep Spanish flower of lace, and she wore a very pretty orange flower wreath and tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Her two sisters were bridesmaids, wearing cream rose satin and pale green crepe respectively, with bouquets of roses, and becoming hats. Master Howard acted as page

and little Miss Harrison as maid of honor, making a very sweet little couple as they gravely and with measured steps made their way up the aisle. Miss Mason was conducted and given away by her father. The best man was Rev. Charles Shortt. The duties of ushering the guests and leading the bridal cortege were performed by Messrs. Frank Mason, Brown, G. Deacon and Lincoln Hunter. After the ceremony a reception was held at Harr Hall, at which a large number of guests attended. Many beautiful gifts evinced the love and esteem of Miss Mason's numerous friends, who will miss her bright eyes and sweet face from many a festive re-union, and still more from the places she has so faithfully filled in benevolent and church societies, and Mr. Wright has every reason for self congratulation that he has won a bride who, by training and inclination, is so well fitted to be a helper in the field of work to which he has been consecrated.

A charming dance was given by Mrs. Bethune of 184 College street on Tuesday evening, which brought together one of the smartest and happiest parties imaginable. The hostess had left nothing undone for the pleasure of her young friends (there were very few married people at the dance), and on every side the bright eyes of the fair maids echoed the verdict of their cavaliers that her efforts were more than successful. I hear on every hand the happiest memories of a delightful evening, which had a repetition on Friday, when the dancing club was given the freedom of Mrs. Bethune's spacious home for their fortnightly re-union.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron, who has been on a visit to Chicago, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Duncan Coulson gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Delamere gives a tea on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Allison gave a very pleasant evening last week at their residence, 223 College street, to a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The fashionable game of progressive euchre was the occasion of a very spirited contest for the handsome prizes offered. Supper was daintily served and the guests departed with the happiest impressions of a thoroughly good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Trent have returned from their honeymoon and are living at 31 Linden street, where Mrs. Trent receives on Mondays.

Mrs. J. Bayne Coulthard held her post-nuptial reception on Thursday and Friday of last week at 137 Avenue road. Mrs. Coulthard was daintily gowned in soft white silk and lace, and was assisted by her sisters-in-law, the Misses Coulthard. Many callers welcomed this bright and winning Chicago lady to Toronto.

Miss Hamilton of St. Mary's street is on a visit to friends in Ottawa.

The French Club will hold their reunion this evening at the residence of Mrs. Tackaberry, 575 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt have removed from Jarvis street to 112 Avenue road.

A very beautiful dinner was given by the Zeta Phi Society at Webb's on Saturday evening. The professional gentlemen only just got home in time, for their dinner was the last of many jolly affairs which have been held in the vanished dining-hall we knew so well. Within a few hours Webb's was in flames and several dinners and dances will have to be located elsewhere.

Miss Burton of Gravenhurst is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Gardner Thompson of Rosedale.

Miss Aileen Hulme of Belleville is visiting Mrs. Sydney Ashdown of 32 Lowther avenue.

Miss Harris returned to Toronto during the holidays and is welcomed back by many friends.

Miss McClung of Church street has returned to town after an enjoyable visit with her friend, Miss Mariatt of Oakville. She is once more to be found at home in her cosy studio, where she welcomes her friends on Mondays.

Mrs. Ed. B. Andrews of 83 Metcalfe street will be at home to her friends on the third and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. Fred Rose of St. Mary street gave a children's party Tuesday evening.

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Social and Personal.

On Saturday last the marriage of Miss Lillian Sanderson Gill Woodbridge, second daughter of Mr. T. Woodbridge of Roselea, and Mr. A. Douglas McArthur was witnessed by a very large number of guests and the usual throng always attracted by a smart church wedding. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Jordan, pastor of St. James' square church, and everyone present pronounced the bridal cortege to be extremely beautiful. The bride, who became her bridal finery a *merville*, wore a trained gown of very handsome brocade satin, with panels of pearl embroidery on either side of the *jupon*, immense sleeves, with a bodice exquisitely fitting her pretty figure. Her pliant face was half concealed by a voluminous tulle veil, which was secured under sprays of orange blossoms. Two bridesmaids, Miss Woodbridge of Kalamazoo, cousin of the bride, and Miss Barnes of Louisville, Ky., who wore white *crepon* frocks with *collets* of pale blue and pink and lace hats with ostrich tips, and four charming little flower maidens, Misses Norton Beatty, Mamie Macdonald, Helen McLean and Mollie Waldie, with picture hats of white, frocks of white muslin with white satin ribbons and rosettes, and baskets of flowers, completed the bridal attendants. Miss Woodbridge entered the church with her father punctually at two o'clock, and the interesting quarter of an hour following transformed one of our brightest and loveliest girls into a smiling matron. Mr. McArthur's best man was Mr. Ab Arnold of Toronto. The guests were ushered by Messrs. Craig, Lindsay, Alf. Jones, Baxter, McMillan and Murray Woodbridge. After the marriage a lovely reception was held at Roselea, 100 Wellesley street, where Mr. and Mrs. McArthur received the congratulations of hosts of friends. Roselea was beautiful with flowers and brilliant with lights, and strains of music floated through the melody sounds of congratulation, laughter and merry jest which make the atmosphere of a happy nuptial day. Outside the snow drifted and the winds held high carnival as the first storm of the season got steadily to work. The gifts were admired by everyone, and were unusually handsome and choice. *Dejeuner* was elegantly served in the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. McArthur left by the afternoon train for the honeymoon, and on their return will take up their residence on Madison avenue, that street which has earned the *soubriquet* of Bridal road among its visitors. Among the guests at the reception were: Mrs. McArthur, mother of the groom, in a lovely gown of black and pale blue, with smart little bonnet; Mrs. Fisher, nee Miss Woodbridge, who wore a dainty costume of white *moire* and cloth with narrow beaver fur, and a floral trifle of a bonnet; Mrs. Woodbridge of Roselea wore a delicate fawn silk with lace, and bonnet of fawn and pink; Mrs. Jack King wore a picture hat over a picture face and a dainty gown of pale blue and black; Mrs. Wilbur, her sister-in-law, looked very pretty and stylish; Mrs. Tackaberry wore black velvet with fur trimmings; Mrs. S. G. Beatty wore a lovely gown of salmon silk with *sombre* figures in dark tints and a becoming chapeau. Other guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hourlier, Mrs. and the Misses Taylor of Floraheim, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Miss Cassie Wells, Mrs. and Miss Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, Jr., Mr. Roden Kingsmill, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. and Miss Pearson, Mrs. J. D. and the Misses King, Mr. Ormlston, Mr. and Mrs. J. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. Frank Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Todhunter looking charming in green velvet and ermine.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Bull gave a very large progressive euchre on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Jack King gives a tea this afternoon at her pretty home, 142 St. George street, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Wilbur of New York.

Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin and Mrs. Alder Bliss were at home yesterday to an immense number of friends in St. James' school-house.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee will be at home on Monday afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock at 306 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Montgomery of Huron street gives a progressive euchre next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Chadwick gave a ladies' tea for her guest, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford, on Tuesday. Mrs. Chadwick received in a gown of moss green velvet with jet. Her daughters assisted in making the afternoon a pleasant one to the many ladies present. Miss Chadwick wore a dainty gown of cream with pale stripes; Miss Louis was in white with touches of rose pink. Among the guests were: Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Fred Paterson, Mrs. Henderson, Mr. S. M. Jarvis, Mrs. Emmilys Jarvis, Mrs. R. Baldwin, Mrs. Hedden, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Macdonald and a number of others. Mrs. Smith has returned home.

Mr. Alan Sullivan, who spent the holidays with his relatives in town, returned to the Sault last week.

Mr. Alfred Whitehead leaves for South Africa in a short time. He will be much missed in both sporting and social circles.

Mrs. Totten has, I am sorry to hear, been quite indisposed for some days.

Mr. Bruenech sends pleasant accounts of his artistic success in Norway, where he has sold many fine pictures and gathered studies for many more.

Miss Badgerow gave a charming tea on Saturday to a number of her young friends. I hear that the *coterie* very much enjoyed this reunion.

Mrs. Greville Harston had a very pleasant informal afternoon on the second, usually known as "ladies' day," where calling is confined to the sterner sex on the preceding holiday. By the way, a few valiant spirits essayed to establish a record of New Year's calls this year, and I am told their method was, to enter the room, shake hands, offer good wishes, and then, without sitting down, to murmur, "Ex-



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use my hurrying away. I am trying how many people I can call upon," and vanish. That one utterly used-up record-maker insists upon a total of 83 visits, leads one to wonder how on earth he did it. No woman could have sternly cut short gossip and chit chat to accomplish such a wonder.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin have taken up house on Lowther avenue for the winter. Mr. Austin is a brother of Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood, and has been until recently residing in Winnipeg.

Miss Van Renssaler is a guest at Ravenswood.

Mrs. Robert Gooderham and Mrs. Green-shields gave a delightful tea on Wednesday afternoon to a large number of ladies. Mrs. Gooderham's duties as hostess are largely taken off her hands when her charming daughter from Montreal and her equally popular one in Toronto are at her side.

Mrs. R. S. Neville is visiting relatives in Ottawa.

It is announced that His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen will write a preface to the Life of Sir John Thompson, which is now being written by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins is in Ottawa this week obtaining access to necessary documents, etc.

Mrs. Doolittle's tea on Thursday of last week was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable affair, and the attendance testified that afternoon teas given by a popular hostess have charms to entice even when the snow and wind are holding high carnival without. The hostess was daintily and elegantly gowned in buttercup brocade satin with soft folds of black *chiffon* as *guimpe* and *collet*. Her sister, Mrs. McAgay of Montreal, who left for home last Friday, was the guest of honor. An orchestra played in the corridor and the roomy house was filled with sweet music and laughter and a crowd of smartly gowned women. In the dining-room a pretty buffet was loaded with dainties and a number of ladies presided thereat. I noticed among the many guests: Mesdames Sheard, McKinnon, Fred Walker, Brown, T. Davies, McConnell, W. Pearson, Gooch, S. F. Wilson, Dixon, T. Thompson, Job, Tubby, Beattie, Kerr, Roper, Boyce Thompson, and Misses Ellis, Roper, Dixon and Stanton. A very pretty impromptu tableau was made by three sweet little ones, the nephew, son and daughter of Mrs. Doolittle, who had a comical little *pas de trois* in a corner of the hall, while the musicians played a merry



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dance. I was much diverted by the remark of a tiny creature in white, who, when the strain was changed to something dreamy and operatic, announced, "Me can't dance for that tired tune."

Miss Jones and Miss May Jones, Calgary, N.W.T., have come east for a three months' sojourn with friends in Ontario. They have been visiting at Ernecliffe, Barrie, with Miss Myers, and are now at Benvenuto with their uncle, Mr. S. H. Jones, and family, for a week. The Misses Jones will also visit in London, Woodstock, Mitchell and other towns before returning to their Western home.

Miss Birdie Hope of Harbord street left on Wednesday morning for Montreal to visit her sister, Mrs. Allan F. Read, formerly of Toronto.

Miss Newbigging is making a short visit at Niagara Falls, Ont.

A correspondent writes as follows: "I had the pleasure of spending Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Short of Wellington street west, where she entertained the Chinese and their teachers of the Metropolitan church Sunday school. Some forty-five were present, and judging from the laughter of the Celestials they thoroughly enjoyed the evening spent in Canadian style. Their acuteness in mastering the intricacies of our parlor games surprised me beyond measure. Not the least part of the enjoyment was to see them seated at supper, where they showed their appreciation of the good things provided for them. Mrs. Short is accustomed to show this hospitality annually."

A very pretty wedding took place on New Year's day at the Church of the Ascension, Port Perry, when Miss Kate Ralph, eldest daughter of Mr. John Ralph, became the bride of Mr. W. L. Argue of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Fletcher. The bride was attired in a pretty French traveling gown, and wore a gold chain and pendant set with turquoises, a present from the groom. The bridesmaids, Misses Clara Ralph and Florence Parsons of Port Perry and Miss Bertie Early of Toronto, looked well in pretty gowns and picture hats; the groomsmen were Mr. G. Weston Wrigley of Toronto. The ushers were Messrs. C. P. Ralph and G. L. Sterling of Toronto. After the ceremony a dinner and reception took place at the residence of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Argue left on the five o'clock train for Toronto, where they intend making their future home. Mrs. Argue will receive her friends at 202 John street, the first and third Monday in the month.

Mrs. and the Misses Winnett of Beverley street gave a large At Home on Friday afternoon, January 4. Mrs. Winnett was handsomely dressed in black silk, *en train*; Miss Winnett wore green and white striped silk, and Miss Ida Winnett was becomingly gowned in white *crepon*. The young ladies who assisted in the refreshment-room were: Miss Beesle Parsons, in gray and white; Miss Ena Kennedy, in white and green brocade; Miss Kate Peters, in white; Miss McGaw, in pink, and Miss Mattie Winnett, each one wearing a bunch of violets, the gift of the hostess. Among those present were: Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. A. Foy, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Thompson, the Misses Burns, Mrs. and Miss McClung, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Eckardt, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. T. Thompson, Mrs. Herbert Walker, Mrs. Henry Bethune, Miss Craig, Miss Archer, Miss Parsons, Miss George, Mrs. J. George, the

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Mrs. Robert Hubbert of St. James square is visiting friends in Barrie.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Macfarlane of Jarvis street gave a very pretty dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Shorey of Montreal.

M. A. Erskin Hoskin and Mr. T. Ernest Godson attended the Bachelors' ball at Barrie. They were the guests of Judge and Mrs. Ardagh.

The Canadian Press Association will meet in Toronto on January 31 and February 1. There will be a banquet at Harry Webb's on the evening of the 31st, beginning at six o'clock. The editors hold that banquets begin too late and consequently end too late, and so they will inaugurate a new order of things. This banquet will be in the nature of an editorial reunion and many of the old-timers will come forth for the occasion, so that the past, present and future will be merged. It has been decided not to confine the tickets to members of the Press Association only, and newspaper men throughout the country who are not members but who desire to attend can get tickets by writing Mr. J. B. McLean, 10 Front street east. The tickets

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IV.

When a Briton feels good he goes and spends money. The spirit of extravagance came over Richard Darrell as he walked away from the Temple Station. He had spent sixpence on his girl. This made his heart glow, and the result of a heartglow was that, instead of going to his room and dining off a slice of bread with Jack Howard for company, he resolved to patronize the milk-shop in Newcastle street, and hang expense. A glass of milk and a bun, three pence, this would make his expenditure in connection with his girl sevenpence-halfpenny—a large sum, no doubt, but not too extravagant a price, he believed, to pay for so pleasant an acquaintanceship. Moreover, sixpence of this sum was a loan and would return—bread, cast upon the waters—on some future day. He did think, for a moment only it is true, and I only mention it to show the fulness of his heart towards the girl who had permitted him to make her acquaintance—a



He gave his order and asked for a directory.

rare condescension these days—he did think for a moment of picking out a sixpenny gallery somewhere and making a night of it; but happily his better judgment came to his assistance and he forbore. Few plays are worth sixpence to any man.

Stepping into the milk-shop he gave his order and asked for the Directory. As he ate his meal he traced his route to Bedford Park—the address given him by his girl. Bedford Park he found lay to the right of Turnham Green, a mere step off the direct route to Dorset. Another fingerpost, he took it, pointing from London. As he munched his bun he planned for the morrow. He would make for the park on his way, and whether he would rap at the door or pass Pharissee-like on the opposite side of the way, would depend upon his courage or lack of courage at the particular moment. There is not much good in making up your mind to a course of action twelve hours before the necessity arises. Enough for him to know that unless good fortune intervened he would turn his back on London, as London had turned its broad back on him.

Howard still worked away at his sketch when Darrell returned. He was looking it in—a picture of a dashing, if a trifle fat, young woman, apparently close upon seven feet tall, and a taller young man, equally, if not a little more, dashing than his lady friend—in fact, a picture of the kind suitable for almost any joke, and supposed by publishers to be so popular with the public. Darrell had hammered out a jest to go with it, which Howard would pencil on the back of the sketch; but this was intended more to show the editor of the illustrated paper the style most suited to the picture, or perhaps to convince him how very bad a jest the picture could redeem and pass. Jests, like pills, have nowadays to be sugar-coated with a picture before people will swallow them. Howard made the little money that came to him by sugar coating.

"I took out that hunting scene of mine, Dick," Howard said flippantly as his friend entered, "the scene of an elderly and corpulent gentleman—a fat old man, you know—sitting in the center of a plowed field, with a 'What in the world has happened me?' look on his face, and his horse, empty-saddled, negotiating a hedge in the dim distance, and all that, and hang me if I could get a bid for it. They all told me the thing had been done before. Think of that now! 'What about the prayer-book?' I asked 'em. Hang it all, the fact that it's been done before is in its favor, I say. It's the first principle of an Englishman's existence, that the thing he does has been done before by his grandfather or great-grandfather. Great heavens! Done before! I should hope so, indeed. Catch me doing anything that hasn't been done before. What would Du Maurier do without that dinner-table of his, the host or hostess, or both, dumb-founded at some impertinent thing a long-haired

triat has said about the guest? Hang me, Dick, I say, Du Maurier has lived off that table for years. Would the publishers refuse his sketch because the thing have been done before? No fear. Why, the people look for it. But there, the West is ruining the East. 'As it was in the beginning,' etc., Dick, you know. All a London publisher has to do is to subscribe to one of those Yankee pictorial periodicals and buy a pair of scissors, and—well, the publisher knows the trick. Oh, Christopher! Oh, Christopher! Oh, Christopher Columbus, I wish pirates had caught you on early in life as they catch the uncopyrighted sketch!"

A black-and-white artist's trade is a pleasant, gossip, garrulous occupation. We writers have to work in depressing silence. We dare not so much as whistle the latest catchy triviality by way of relief, but must scribble away in woeful silence. Silence is golden (doubtful) and dyspeptic (certain). The warning to young or old women, "Never marry a literary man, good, bad or indifferent," is a justifiable and a good warning. And none have such sad cause to regret that the warning is not heeded as the literary man himself. Howard chatted on, to himself for preference, although he had no acute objection to Darrell listening, and would even put up with an occasional interruption. But to-night Darrell did not interrupt. He thought of the girl and his future, and Howard, rattlebrain, gossiped at a terrific rate.

"Dick, my boy, on occasions we've indulged in a little game of solo whist. Hang me, if that same game is not more like life than any other game I know. Abundance comes to few players, and after abundance, the rarest good fortune that can befall is to hold *misere*—in other words, abject poverty. Between abundance and *misere* are a host of wearisome hands, requiring hard, attentive play, and profiting nothing, or next to nothing, when all is successfully accomplished. Think of the millions who live their dreary existence between affluence and delectable poverty! Respectable mediocrity, mental or monetary, is purgatory. Human nature in solo and life fights against it. But the comfortably off swarm. Few attain blissful poverty, but, Dick, you have. I can't. The half-crown always comes to hand for my room rent. If it would only slip a cog, hang fire, miss a week, our mutual friend the landlord's agent would see me comfortably deposited on the curb, and I would once again be a respectable citizen of the country. I have half a mind to go on tramp and turnpins with you."

Howard shoved back his chair and looked earnestly at his friend Dick Darrell.

"What would you do when we reached Dorset?" he asked.

"Do! I would get you to see me back to London again, and then I would see you to

versation ended.

The morning brought with it the careworn postman, and the postman brought with him Richard Darrell's marching orders. The two young men sat waiting for the morning mail. Their last breakfast together had been consumed. The tin can still sat over the lamp, the lamp which by night gave light and by day boiled the coffee—a cloud of smoke by day, and a pillar of fire by night—and there was a strong smell of oil in the room. Darrell and Howard sat silent, and almost motionless, gloomy, anxious, and, if the truth be told, both a little frightened of the world and the future. When the postman knocked at the door, Howard expected to see Darrell leap to meet him, but Darrell sat motionless. He sat, his chair tilted back and his hands locked at the back of his head, and gently swaying forward and back, and appeared not to have heard the knock. Howard quietly made his way to the door, and when two bulky envelopes were placed in his hands, his heart, already low, sank still lower within him. The envelopes were addressed to Darrell—by Darrell. Howard held them towards Dick, but the author, without glancing at them, jerked his head in the direction of the corner where lay the pile of manuscript. Jack Howard tossed the two envelopes on the pile, and sat down. Neither spoke, and thus they sat for, it must have been ten minutes or more. Sounds of traffic came up and filled the room with a dreamy hum, pierced now and again by cries, strange, plaintive, pathetic, weary cries—calls for bread. The wall of a child that in its frailty bore the inherited aches and the weaknesses of its forefathers fluttered along the passage, and the narrow streak of sunshine that fell across the floor was an insult. Jack Howard sat, his head on his hand, and attentively watched his friend from under his eyebrows. Presently Darrell ceased rocking. Starting suddenly to his feet, he walked rapidly to the corner, and with all his strength he kicked the pile of manuscript and sent it flying in all directions. Stepping up to Howard he said, "Good-bye, Jack, and God bless you!" He strode out of the room and down the stairs, and was gone.

Jack Howard sat holding his head for an hour, and said:

"Perdition to publishers who won't publish!"

V.

Once let a woman declare a course of action, once let her take a solemn and righteous stand on one side or other of a disputed point of policy, propriety, or fact—trivial or not is of no consequence—and then allow her to go to a night's rest with her mind made up, and you have settled the point for all time. Be she



When two bulky envelopes were placed in his hand his heart sank low within him.

Dorset, and you me back, and so on, to and fro for the rest of our natural. Why not? We would have plenty of fresh air, which we have not here, and exercise, which we do not get here; and hang me if we would not find better provender than Clare market grows!"

"No, Jack. You stay where you are, and play your best for abundance, and I will try *misere*."

"I almost wish our hands were changed," Jack said wearily, and hastened to add, with a show of cheerfulness, "but we'll see in the morning. Perhaps you will receive good news."

"Perhaps," repeated Darrell, and the con-

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remembered that a certain duty devolved upon her after the conversation of the previous evening. Three of them had burnt their boats. The fourth—there are always three combatants to one peacemaker—saw clearly that, owing to the burning of her companions' boats, hers would be needed sooner or later to ferry the disputants from the island of interminable conflict to the mainland of peace; and so Evelyn Cunningham prepared to punt her crafts, as if by accident, to a position that would lay their decks at the right moment in a situation favorable for an easy retreat when the time came around. This is the task that always falls to the peacemaker, and the latter is successful in proportion to the amount of ability displayed in choice of place and time.

The four met at breakfast, and the three principals to the dispute were severely polite each to the other, while the goddess of Peace smiled, or attempted to smile on the just and the unjust alike, and tried her best to make jokes, which jokes were failures. At that early hour it is a hopeless task, even for a man, to be humorous. Evelyn attempted, with the best of intentions, to establish herself as a buffer State between the belligerents—to be a neutral zone, where all sorts of conversational rubbish might be shot until such time as the young man appeared upon the scene. When he did come Evelyn believed that she would soon see how the land lay, and could then adopt a better course of action, a more rigorous or a gentler handling of the situation, whichever appeared the more likely to succeed. It is still more melancholy when the semi-quarrel is with a friend. A person can quarrel with a stranger with considerable profit. An up-and-down Christian row with a man you have never before clapped eyes on is a liberal education. In such a case, a stranger is a mirror in which is clearly reflected and accentuated all your visible objectionable points. A stranger presents to you a surface brutally crystal, but a friend's is hazed by the breath of old acquaintance. A quarrel with a friend, which brings a man to the polite stage, leaves him in the meanest position this world of mean positions offers.

Such was the condition of affairs in which the artist-girls found themselves when they turned to begin their hard day's work. And the most composed of the four I verily believe, was she whom we all must admit had the least right to be composed, being entirely in the wrong from first to last, without a shadow of doubt, and her name was Madge Treveland. But the stars in their courses fought against this wicked artist-girl to dispossess her of her ill-gotten composure, and before many nights fell the stars had succeeded in their fight. For the morning passed, and the four friends worked hard and silently, and listened; luncheon was about as cheerless a meal as breakfast had been, and the afternoon dragged drearily along. At every "rat-tat" of the knocker—and there are many where it is known that there is no man in the house; hawkers and cadgers soon find out these little things—at every footfall at the door, there was a quiet rustle of expectation in the studio, unintended but indubitable. No result. The afternoon passed, the evening, the night, the next morning, the next afternoon, and the next evening, and—no young man. No claimant for the sixpence.

It was when this, the next evening aforementioned, waned, that Maud Radnor and Alice Dunn thawed out in an alarming manner. The change came so suddenly that really I can not account for it at all. It appeared as if the moment the clock struck eight—it is not considered etiquette for a young man to make a call, his first at least, after that interesting hour, if that has anything to do with this story—the moment eight sounded it seemed as if a great load of gloom had been lifted from off the minds of Maud and Alice, and an unnatural and an irresistible inclination to laugh at anything and everything took possession of both the young women. They chatted, too, as only young women can chat when they know a party who is not supposed to listen is listening. And they laughed and laughed again, and, as justice must be done to all in this record, they did not leave their friend Madge out in the cold, but said all sorts of pretty things and amusing things to her, and were as friendly as ever, or tried to be, and more.

Madge replied to all their questionings, laughed at their witticisms, manifested a great interest in their plans, and—felt very uncomfortable indeed. From a tragedy the situation was rapidly resolving itself into a farce. The young man she had said so much about—too much about—and whom she had more than hinted to her companions as eager for the opportunity to call and pay his regards to her, had not put that eagerness to a fulfillment. Madge Treveland found herself in an awkward position, a ridiculous position. She bit her lip as she thought the matter over, and she realized that the young man must be forthcoming, and that at once, or her life would be made a misery by her companions. She began to hate this Richard Darrell for the fix he had placed her in. But there was no time to waste in love or hate. She must do her best to extricate herself from her ridiculous position. Taking pen, ink and paper, she wrote a short note to the editor of *The Ishmaelite*. This short note begot another, which other caused quite a stir in Clare market.

It was on the third day of Dick Darrell's leaving, and the evening of the day that the postman handed to Jack Howard a thin envelope, addressed on the face of it, "Richard Darrell, Esq.," and stamped on the back, in

antique letters, "The Ishmaelite." Now, *The Ishmaelite* was then, as now, one of the three most popular sixpenny weeklies issued in the kingdom, and the publication to which Darrell, months before, had sent the serial he thought so much of when he first came to London, and so little of when he left London. Opening the envelope Howard read:

"DEAR MR. DARRELL,—If you will be so good as to look me up here any afternoon this week, between two and four, I shall be glad to see you. The artist to whom I have given your And Lost His Good Name writes me that she wishes to consult with you about the costumes, etc., for the tale.

"I am,

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES LAMPTON."

(To be continued.)

Lads and Lassies at School.

When I was a lad at school. How long ago is that? Men whose beards are getting full of the sort of frost that does not thaw in the spring may love to gossip about the past, but they do not love to think of it when alone. Oh, the infinite pathos, penitence, and heartbreak of that appealing line in Cardinal Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light*—"Remember not past years." Like spilled water, memory spreads unpleasantly when let go.

What I want to recall now is whether my school days were my happiest, healthiest days. The facts show clear through the mists, and the answer is, No. The writer came of a sound stock, and was well cared for, yet his greatest pains and most frequent distresses, his illnesses were when he was a lad at school. I do not affirm this to be the rule with boys, but it was so, without especial reason, with me.

And here is another man who says: "All my life, even as a lad at school, I suffered from illness. I had dizziness, violent headaches, nausea, and saw spots floating before my eyes. Sometimes I vomited a greenish-yellow fatty matter, and again was quinine and sick until vomiting. While in my teens and up to manhood I had bilious attacks every week, more or less severe. At times I felt fairly well, and then would be taken with cold shivers and obliged to go to bed. During each attack my appetite left me, and I could touch no food whatever. Often would I come home from my work and sit down to my dinner without taking a mouthful."

"As time went on, although I was muscularly stronger, I felt a great strain on my nervous system, oppression and soreness in the head, and pain and heat behind the eyes. I felt tired and low spirited and got but little rest at night."

"In this way I continued better and worse for over thirty-four years, and what I suffered none can imagine."

Let the reader try to round up that statement in his mind and see how large a fact it is, and what a lesson it teaches.

The witness proceeds: "I underwent every sort of medical treatment and took every medicine that I heard of, but they all left me in a short time as bad as ever."

"In May, 1890, a cousin of mine, Joseph Pyke, of York, West Australia, paid us a visit and mentioned what Mother Selge's Curative Syrup had done for him when similarly afflicted in Australia. For a time I refused to try it, but being at my wife's end, I got a bottle from Mr. Frank May's store in Eglar street, and began using it. The contents of that single bottle relieved me, and I kept on with the medicine in faith and hope."

"Soon all my ailments vanished, and from that time to this I have been in good health, for which my thanks are due to Mother Selge. Her remedy it is that has built me up, and made me stronger and more energetic than I have been for many, many years. Had I known of it earlier, how much misery I might have avoided. I have worked for Messrs. Huntley & Palmer, biscuit manufacturers, Reading, for thirty-nine years, and am still in their employ. Yours truly, (Signed) CHARLES PYKE, 16 York Place, Chatham street, Reading, October 25th, 1892."

What now are we to conclude from Mr. Pyke's experience? You see, of course, the meaning of it; that disease does its most damaging work among the young. The great majority of the human race die in childhood. The fittest, that is, the strongest, survive, just as Darwin says. We fellows with the frosty beards were able to fight through and beat the diseases, the drugs, and the doctors. The weaklings fell and were buried. Next, parents don't watch the ill of their children with half an eye. Age and maturity are blind and selfish. It is the chicks that need care and protection. If our friend at Reading had met with Mother Selge's Curative Syrup in boyhood—but alas! it was not in existence then. It is to be had now, however, and if there are many pained and suffering children, who is to blame? Answer us that.

Miss Cold-as-Steel.—What manner of man do you suppose would be best fitted to reach my heart? Mr. Suter (shuddering).—Something in the line of an Arctic explorer I should imagine.



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Books and Authors.

A PILGRIMAGE TO POE'S GRAVE.

"If ever you would come to Modena, stop at a palace near the Raggio Gate," is Roger's advice; mine is, "If ever you should go to Baltimore stop at a neglected churchyard on the corner of Green and Fayette streets and, placing some flowers upon a bare and forsaken grave, muse a while upon the sad fate of the man who lies beneath."

In the beginning of this century Westminster Presbyterian church was situated in a quiet part of Baltimore and was the fashionable place of worship of the city. Now the tide of commerce has risen so high that the old church is surrounded by commercial buildings, a warehouse opposite, a public school next door. The old families have died and are buried here, their descendants are gone and their graves are neglected; only a few worshippers remain faithful to the church of their fathers. In the corner of the yard directly on the street stands an ordinary monument, erected by contributions from the teachers and pupils of public schools. A medallion carving of Poe's face is on one side of the stone, while underneath is this inscription: "Edgar Allan Poe, born January 20th, 1809; died October 7th, 1849." The gates are locked, but on going around to the back of the building we find a little door and are let in by an old man who would have proved a treasure to Dickens. His father first, and then he, have been sextons of the church for seventy years. His house is in the cellar (it would be false courtesy to say basement) of the building and his experiences of the former prosperity and present decay of his surroundings have left him cynical. As a proof of how much stronger is environment than heredity, this illiterate old man, a sexton and the son of a sexton, spoke of himself and the dead and gone aristocracy of Baltimore as "us." Sitting here on the ground in the warm spring sunshine, this old, old relic was led on to talk of Poe. "Yes, I remember him well; it was me that buried him; he wasn't of much account when he was alive. He lay for twenty years over there in the north corner till the teachers and scholars got up a terrible fuss and a monument and I had to move him 'round to the front. Mrs. Clemens is buried in the plot too, and so is his wife. You see she died a long while back in Philadelphia, and George W. Childs, you've heard of him, well, he was a great friend of theirs; he thought they ought to be buried together, so he brought along Mrs. Poe's ashes in a cigar-box, and one morning he came here and him and me and the Attorney General (he was Edgar's cousin, you see), well, we opened the grave and put the box beside Poe's coffin. "Any service?" "Let's see. Yes, they did bring along a 'Piscopal minister' (he might have been a spade from the tone), and he read some prayers. Sometimes people come around asking to see the grave, but not often. He wasn't over strong, Poe wasn't, and he used to walk along with his head down and keep himself pretty much to himself—when he was sober. He died in the Church Home and so did Mrs. Clemens, and the 'Piscopals' buried them both."

Oh! poor, poor Poe, the mystic, sensitive poet, the sweetest singer America has yet produced! It seems cruel that a man so calculated to soar and sing like a bird should have worked so hard, and through enmity and ill pay found it almost impossible to provide the bare necessities of life. A Scotchman like Carlyle could smile grimly over privation and bear it philosophically, but poverty hurt Poe. To a man who loved luxury and splendor, who revelled in the minutest detail of life, who described "the velvet violet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er" to a soul like this, what agony must it have been to watch his child-wife lingering through consumption on a bed of straw! And when the chill hand of death was "coming fast and coming faster," instead of wrapping her in rugs of softest down, they spread her husband's coat over the girl's form and placed the cat upon her feet. There are some things in this world that almost break one's heart in the telling, and this is one. What wonder that after her death, "in that most immemorial year," when the husband thought of all the privations his darling had suffered and of the bitter humiliation he had undergone, he plunged madly into drink? Not from love of it, but for the sake of the oblivion it brought. This was his "nephew" from the memories of Lenore. Disappointed he was, and disappointed, but remember his early training; he was brought up as a rich man's child, spoiled and indulged. It was never instilled into him that he would need to work and apply himself in order to earn a living. He was never taught that he must do a thing simply because it was right; and then when he was too old for discipline, he was cast adrift to do for himself. It was cruel, and the injustice of it always haunted him and was probably the cause of the morbid reflections so common in his prose works. Involuntarily Poe and Burns are associated in one's mind, and yet, why they should be hard to say. Burns is a child of nature and a national poet, while Poe is a product of civilization, and in no sense an American poet. Indeed, how could he be? Was he not court-martialed and "dismissed the service of the United States?" If anyone had thought it worth while enquiring into his case, I fancy Greece would have been his chosen country. Both these men had a bitter struggle with poverty and led in a manner uncongenial lives; both died young and neither could withstand temptation. Far be it from any lover of true poetry to disparage Burns, but truth compels one to own that beside temperance in drink he had other sins more serious; yet Scotland, that country which adheres most strictly to the Decalogue, delights to honor her poet son. Think of the monuments she has erected to Burns, of the celebrations of his anniversary. It is because he trod it, that the ground about "The Doon's low banks and winding Ayr" is hallowed. Not a peasant within ten miles of his grave, but could lead a stranger straight to Damfries. A Baltimore policeman from whom we first enquired the way to Poe's grave insisted upon sending us to London Park, some distance from the city. He said, "Of course, that's the right direc-

tion; I have sent people there before." On further enquiry we found that the spot he referred to is where Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, is buried! While not looking for sentiment in a policeman, I did think that taking Poe's grave only as an object of interest, like the Bonaparte house, he would have been able to direct us there correctly. They say that youth is most intolerant of imperfections, that as we get older we realize our own and are more lenient in our judgment of others. What is true of the individual is true of the nation, and the United States is very young indeed; failing perfection she will have nothing. Edgar Poe was very faulty and as yet all his native city, the monumental city, can give her most gifted son is this little plot of ground, sundried and weed-bestrewn. What he said of the Haunted Palace would now seem to be true of himself—that

Round about his house the glory,
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim remembered story.

For a delicate man the amount of work accomplished by Poe is enormous. Most people judge him by his poems which, though perfect in quality, are limited in quantity. It is in his prose writings that he shows the mastery and the vast range of his scholarly attainments. His dramatic and mathematical genius has been appreciated more abroad than ever on this continent. His Gold Bug unravels an intricate problem in cipher and as a detective story his Murder in the Rue Morgue stands unrivaled even in the days of Conan Doyle's supremacy. The Black Cat and the Tell-Tale Heart are powerful analytical stories, and what shall we say of The Man of the Crowd, the masterpiece of them all! A good laugh can be got out of Dr. Farr and Professor Fether, and also out of Some Words with a Mummy. The English language contains nothing more weirdly fascinating than his Fall of the House of Usher. In the science of navigation and of aeronautilus Poe seems to be equally at home and his knowledge of mesmerism called forth admiring letters from Elizabeth Browning. If Poe had been a practical man he would have done nothing so quixotic as to name a former enemy, Rufus Griswold, as his literary executor. Griswold accepted the responsibility and betrayed the trust, and it is largely owing to his mendacity that such erroneous views of Poe's real character exist. Nothing is too base or revolting for Griswold to accuse the man of. Prominent American contemporaries flatly contradict his statements, and in speaking for himself and his fellow-editor, N. P. Willis says of Poe, "We loved the man for the fidelity with which he served us. He was invariably punctual and industrious." His articles in that exquisite hand-writing were always on time, and whether their pecuniary recompense was fair may be judged by the fact that he received the sum of ten dollars for The Raven, the poem of which Willis says, "It is in my opinion the most effective example of fugitive poetry ever produced in this country." Through these long struggles with poverty Poe gave us freely of his best, like the angel Israel! "Whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of any of God's creatures." It seems as if he played upon his own heart-strings, and surely sadder music never was wrought. Why should he have had such struggles? Is it not that these diviner melodies can only be produced in minor keys, that they but "yield to pressure from above, with God's hand on the lever?" Had this man been differently situated one cannot help wondering what his life would have been. Had he been brought up by a sympathetic mother, had he left America when he was dismissed from the service, had he been assured of a competency like Addison, or had his wife lived, would the world have been spared the humiliation of seeing "this sad mannered gentleman" brought so low? Who can answer? It is all past and done with now, and of one thing we may feel assured, that to this buffeted soul the quiet rest of the grave is pleasant. Here:

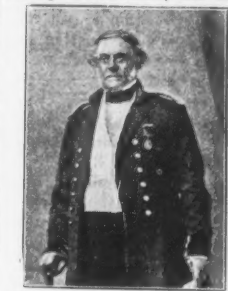
In the heart of the city he is unknown and unnoticed, Daily the tide of life goes ebbing and flowing beside him, Thousands of throbbing hearts where his is at rest and forever, Thousands of aching brains where his is no longer busy, Thousands of tolling hands where his have ceased from their labors, Thousands of weary feet where his have completed their journey.

Peterboro', Ont. MAUD MILLER.

For the first time a continuous and careful history of British Columbia has been given to the world. This volume has just been issued from the press of William Briggs, Toronto, and is compiled by Alexander Bagg, C.C., F.R.C.I. It gives the history of British Columbia, "from its earliest discovery to the present time." A part of British Columbia was formerly called New Caledonia, and much has been written in a desultory and unattached fashion relating to its history, but it has remained for our author to take up the whole

Capt. George Vancouver, seriously. It is thought that Francis Drake in 1579 did not come as far north as British Columbia, nor did the Spaniards touch on the coast line in 1774-75, although they afterward laid claim to the entire coast right up to where the Russian possessions began. It remained for Captain Cook to first land on Vancouver Island at Nootka, a place where he established himself and which yet bears the name which he gave it. This was in 1778. In 1785 came Captain Hanna, and in 1788 Capt. John Mearns, Sir Matthew Begbie, C.J., whose treatment of the natives made him a great favorite. He built a vessel at Nootka, but in his absence the Spaniards burnt his ves-

sels and houses, which led the British Government to send out Captain George Vancouver to investigate the case. The result was that in 1792 the Spanish fleet withdrew from Nootka and the difficulty was adjusted between the Courts of Spain and Great Britain, the whole coast from California to the Alaskan frontier being ceded to the British. It was in 1793 that Alexander Mackenzie of the North-West Company pushed across the Rocky Mountains, his trip resulting in the establishment of trading posts. Later the Hudson Bay Company and North-West Company amalgamated under the name of the former, with James Douglas as chief factor. He afterwards became Sir James Douglas. It was decided to build Fort Victoria in 1843. In 1849 Vancouver Island was made a Crown colony with Richard Bligh as Governor. He retired within a year and was succeeded by James Douglas, who retained control of the Hudson Bay Company. In 1856 representative government was introduced into the colony and in 1858 the mainland was organized into another colony, merged with New Caledonia and called British Columbia. Sir James Douglas was also made Governor of this colony. In 1866 the colonies were united. It is impossible to give much that is interesting in the small space at command, but it can be said that this book will be valued by those who desire to have as complete a record as possible of our country's history. The author quotes a remark in which I fully agree, that "a man may be ignorant of the laws of his country, but with ordinary intelligence he is not excusable if he be unacquainted with its history." British Columbia has produced many brilliant men, many of whom are at present prominent in its affairs, but among its dead there is no more interesting figure than the late Chief Justice Sir Matthew Begbie, who died last year. The volume before me is dotted all through with neat little portraits of the men who made the history of British Columbia, two or three of which are reproduced in this column.



Sir James Douglas.

The Canadian Magazine for January is exceptionally interesting. The two most important papers are: The Fourth Century of Canadian History, by O. A. Howland, M.P.P., and The Canadian Themistocles, by W. F. Maclean, M.P. The first treats of the discoveries made by John Cabot in 1497, and the second is a particularly free and candid estimate of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Both papers are very ably written, and Mr. Maclean's views are so daring that, although amply justified, they are somewhat sensational in effect. Mr. Maclean has always supported Sir John A. Macdonald, or at least the policy of Protection, and his father was perhaps in his day the staunchest and most uncompromising Protectionist in the country. It has been said more than once that Mr. Maclean, sr., was the father of Protection in Canada, although others have claimed this honor, or this odium, as you may regard it. Dr. Orton was one of its other alleged fathers. The member for East York asserts that Sir John only adopted Protection as a matter of expediency and had to be pulled into it even then; he also scores Mr. Pop, the late chieftain's biographer, for sharing his patron's animosities and allowing them to show in his book. Keppell Strange has a good short story, and so has H. Cameron Nelles Wilson and K. F. Dixon. The editor's department is also interesting.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, The Seats of the Mighty, has commenced in the January number of The Young Man. The Author tells a good story about Mr. Du Maurier's book Trilby. A gentleman on a train overheard a girl talking to three young men. "Oh, have you read Trilby?" she asked one of the men. He admitted that he had not, whereupon the young woman declared that it was "just too lovely." "Who wrote it?" asked the second man. "Well," the girl replied, "it's translated from the French of a man named Moriar, and it's illustrated by a man named Whistler." J. R. WYE.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1 Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2 Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3 Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4 Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

IRVING MAUD.—My dear young lady, there was no coupon enclosed with your pretty study.

WIDOWS.—Are you another babe in swaddling bands? Even if you are, I see some independence about you and a good deal of enterprise and imagination, but I am afraid you will also have to crawl before I can read you satisfactorily.

CROSS PATCH.—I have some regard for my sight, and a study on pink paper in scotch ink I positively decline to gaze upon. Besides, it is the immature writing of a child, no "Miss Editor" won't be able to do anything with it. I really cannot say. Your writing does not tell it.

JAN JENKINS.—Your writing shows no marked artistic talent. You are rigid, rather sharp in judgment, somewhat forceful and energetic, with fairly good taste, very rational and logical mind, rather optimistic and decidedly self-assertive; I am glad to say I don't see any marked conceit.

KATHLEEN NORAH.—Kindly send me the fearful scribble, as the civil service style is no more to you than I am sure your own common sense should have told you that an acquired and regular hand is ruinful for graphological purposes. Scrawl away, Kathleen Norah, my girl, and show me your own self.

VIOLA, Southport.—I am so sorry you got mislaid. Your writing shows a good deal of force and energy. You are somewhat self-assertive. In the classic language of Madame Sans Gêne, people cannot wait for you to any great extent. You are fond of social intercourse, frank and independent in word and thought, somewhat given to idealism, impulsive and a little hasty, conservative and not very adaptable, with a dislike to being put out of your own way. This is a fine study, slightly lacking in the softer traits.

Warning to Women.

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April 2nd, 1894.

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Sergeant—What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it. Irish Private—Strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but kape on firing.

A sparkling young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed, "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and the unlearned: one of whom I am which."

Employer (angrily)—What are you throwing those handbills on the pavement for? Bill-distributor—Well, guv'nor, that's what the people does as I gives 'em to. So it's only saving time.

Conductor—How old are you, little girl? Little Girl—If the company doesn't object, I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics.



W. H. Ward.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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VOL. VIII TORONTO, JAN. 12 1895. No. 8

The Drama.

MARIE BURROUGHS is a charming woman and a gifted actress, and she imparts a great deal of pleasure to those who see her as Leslie Brudenell in Pinero's play, *The Profligate*. It was the success of this play that induced Pinero to go further and produce *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. In these two plays the same question is viewed in different aspects—the question of immorality in man and woman. In life everywhere and at all times in the history of the world, save in a few isolated communities, society has imposed a stricter morality upon woman than upon man. The penalties of sin have been greater, the chance of forgiveness smaller. Even in the licentious courts of France, where for a time virtue was unfashionable in woman, the whole sentiment was an affectation and women who sinned were tolerated rather than forgiven. To assume that the present different standard of morality for man and woman is a thing that can be overthrown, as Pinero and others who assail it appear to do, is rather quixotic. Personally and for individual application I believe in the absolute equality of the sexes in the matter of morals, and that a man cannot touch pitch without being defiled any more than can a woman. But the difference in the standard imposed upon man and woman cannot be set down as an accident of our social formation. You must seek the cause deep in human nature. Polygamy is a phase of the question, for by this system the difference of the sexes in relation to morals was embodied in rites to deprive the male attitude of its immoral features. It is not only in civilization that we find a difference in the standards set up. In patriarchal times it took shape in allowing men a plurality of wives; in Solomon's time it had developed into more extended shape, yet the conscience of Solomon was not troubled in this regard. Among the Turks and Arabs the same tacit admission of a difference in the relation of the sexes to morals is made. In the tribes of Africa, Islanders of the sea, Indians of America, wherever human beings dwell, some instinctive principle has seemed to establish a difference of morality upon the sexes. Surely this shows that it is based on something more solid than accident—that there is a great logical law beneath it all.

In *The Profligate* we have a good woman married to a man whom she considers the soul of purity and honor, yet she finds out that he has been a rake before she knew him. In *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* we have a woman "with a history" married to a man who is exceptionally good compared with his kind. There is this further difference, that Mr. Tanqueray knew exactly what manner of woman he was wedding. He thought, however, that a woman should have the same chance of reformation as is extended to a man. The plays have other points of difference. The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is stronger dramatically and much more daring in conception, and it ends in the suicide of the woman, while in *The Profligate* the man hesitates at poison and his wife throws herself in his arms and forgives him. This is life. The erring woman can but die; the erring man is forgiven.

It is a great, big question. There is a likelihood that some are surfeited, however, and would prefer amusement without instruction. To thresh out this question may or may not result in benefit. I believe in the purity of man as both possible and proper, and if the drama, the novel and the sermon conjoined can elevate man to the womanly standard of virtue well and good, but there seems more chance that agitation will result in the lowering of the standard of female morality, or at least increase the number of those who infract it.

Marie Burroughs must be gratified at the warmth of interest shown in her first appearance here as a star. In Mr. Keller's she has a clever leading man, who, if not a pupil of the Willard school, has many natural tendencies suggestive of that actor. Mr. Louis Massen is also an actor of very solid merits whose name and face are not unfamiliar to the best Toronto theater-goers.

Judah is staged too late in the week for me to say anything about it in this issue. Toronto people are apt to regard it as a somewhat daring exploit for Mr. Keller to attempt this, perhaps Mr. Willard's greatest creation. But Mr. Keller's treatment of the part has been highly praised and it will be a treat to see another in it, if only for purposes of comparison.

Dave Lyons is a "villain of the deepest dye," his admitted mission being to "do up everybody." Surrounded by a gang of companions as deeply steeped in crime as himself, he lives in a miserable hut in the mountains on the coast of Maine. The other occupants of the dwelling are Hannah Lyons, a wretched old hag, who delights in the fact that in the pursuit of crime her "bunny boy" takes after his dead father; an old blind man who, before losing his sight, had become conversant with many of Dave's dishonest practices; and a sprightly young girl of some sixteen summers named Margie Crallers. Ten years before, Dave Lyons and his companions had boarded, plundered and blown up a vessel at Brazil, and

this child Margie had been a part of the plunder. She had been taken to Lyons' miserable home in the mountains, where, as she grew up, she became more and more the subject of ill-usage at the hands of old Mrs. Lyons and her vicious son, her only friend, but naturally poor protector, being Joe, the old blind man. The Government of Brazil had offered large rewards for the recovery of the kidnapped child, and Dave Lyons hearing of this had resolved to rid himself of all evidence of his complicity in the theft of the girl, deliver her up and claim the reward. Suspecting that the child was somewhere in Maine, the Brazil officials had commissioned Sydney Penfold, a young naval officer, to make a search for her. The vessel upon which he serves anchors off Dave Lyons' house, and soon that worthy scent trouble and escapes to New York. Here Margie goes into the shoe-blackening business and gets into the thick of it between her old oppressors and her friends of the ship *Albatross*. She is instrumental in causing the failure of a mutiny and is made The Captain's Mate. There are many perils and adventures which end in Dave Lyons being shot while attempting to kill the heroine, who has been restored to her parents. This is the story of *The Captain's Mate* as presented this week at the Toronto Opera House by a company with which Miss Florence Bindley is starring in the title role. As will be seen from the plot there are enough thrilling incidents in it to please the gallery of any theater. But the author of *The Captain's Mate* has introduced any amount of humor into the piece, and Mique Flanagan is a character who keeps everyone in a roar of laughter all the time he is on the stage. Miss Bindley herself is a pretty little actress, full of activity, the possessor of a good singing voice, and a capital dancer. She displays considerable talent in *The Captain's Mate* and is ably supported by several other members of her company. The scenery is exceptionally good. There was a crowded house on Monday evening when the play was first presented in Toronto, and each performance during the week has been well attended.

The White Crook made its first appearance at the Academy on Monday night and played all week. It is an extravaganza of very little merit, although affording an opportunity for the introduction of any quantity of singing and dancing, and as the company was composed largely of vaudeville girls, dancing, of course, was no mean item in the production. It was preceded by a one-act musical burlesque, *A Royal Reception*, and a half dozen turns by the specialty members of the company.

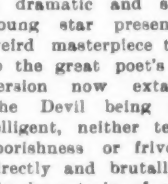
I am unable to give this week a report of the illustrated lecture by Mr. Otis A. Poole of Yokohama, which occurred Thursday evening in Massey Hall under the auspices of the Toronto Camera Club. In next issue extended reports will be given of the lectures on Friday evening by Max O'Rell in Massey Music Hall and David Christie Murray in Association Hall.

A big welcome will be extended at Massey Hall to-night to Mr. George Kennan, the great Siberian traveler, who lectures there in the People's Course.

Kleiser's Star Course presents two celebrated men to the citizens of Toronto this month. On January 17 the Rev. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia appears at the Pavilion in The Silver Crown, or How to Succeed, and on Thursday, 31st, General Lew Wallace will be heard in Ben Hur. Two such famous men should draw packed houses. The plan of seats opens at Nordheimer's next Monday at 10 a.m.

John Griffith, an ambitious young star, who first saw the light of day at Hamilton, Ont., will essay the role of Mephisto in Mr. Henry Irving's version of Goethe's majestic spectacular drama, *Faust*, at the Toronto Opera House next week. Faust, well played, appeals to the intelligent classes and is one of the best dramatic works upon the stage. Mr. Griffith will give a good production both from a dramatic and scenic standpoint. This young star presents a version of this world masterpiece that clings more closely to the great poet's masterwork than any version now extant. His conception of The Devil being rational, just and intelligent, neither tempting Faust with the boorishness or frivolities of a clown, nor directly and brutally, but rather ensnaring him by a train of reasoning that the latter cannot answer. The scenic and electrical effects used in this presentation are new, the choicest mysteries of the spectacular art being drawn upon to make them perfect, particularly in the weird Brocken scene. It is claimed that nothing finer has been shown in connection with this drama. As regards Goethe's works, there is no drama that has attracted such attention as this model work of the German poet. The company supporting Mr. Griffith is reported to be fully up to the requirements, and all in all, the presentation ought to be an admirable one. A serious effort of this kind is heartily to be commended in these times when things are so decidedly inclined to run to cheap farce-comedy. There will be matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

John Griffith.



If I were asked to name the one man whom I thought best able to refute the fallacies and to expose the trickeries of Robert Ingersoll, my choice should promptly fall upon David Christie Murray. There is no doubt about it, it has been Ingersoll's oratory rather than his intellect that has given him his power in America and David Christie Murray can meet him on his chosen ground and leave him vanquished. Mr. Murray is an orator of the highest class and he has a capital subject in Ingersoll and the Bible for his second lecture on Monday night in Association Hall. It is safe, in this city, to predict that he will draw an immense crowd.

Life and Times of Martha Mason.

BY MACK.
CHAPTER II.

If it were not for woman it seems fair to say that the human race would soon sink back and merge with the lower animal kingdom. Men are only heroic in public places, only religious in the presence of the preacher, only patriotic in the presence of the reporter—might it not even be said that they are only moral when under observation, when bent upon an object? With woman the virtues are instinctive as well as fashionable. This sweeping condemnation of men and this praise of women is based, not on general observation, but upon a particular instance—that interesting couple, Mr. and Mrs. Mason. Those who seek further adieu may find facts to prove my conclusions erroneous, but if so I can but say that all women are not Martha Masons. This husband and wife started out on equal terms, yet when the wife began her career of public usefulness the husband began to fall away in all those qualities that make men noble. He neglected his business, he refused to accompany his wife to the various meetings that called her out in the evenings, and by a strange perversity of taste chose rather to go up town and talk politics in the stores or hotels. It was not the least harrowing feature of the woman's hardships, that after addressing her followers of the B.Y.W. Sisterhood she would return home to find the house dark, the fires out, her husband absent, and when he did return, to notice with that remarkable keenness for which she was noted, that he was in a grumpy humor and had been drinking.

Apparently it became in time the purpose of this weak but obstinate man's life to counteract by his material example all his wife's spiritual influence. When she became active in temperance he sank into intemperate habits; when she took up the cause of the heathen in far-off India, he sought to illustrate the existence of heathen at home; while she would be addressing the children of the public school upon the evils of tobacco, he would walk past in plain view from the window, smoking a pipe as he carried home a basket of groceries. On one occasion, when Mrs. Mason had delivered a stirring address to the Woman's Rights Association for the county and the delegates were passing the house in large numbers, this inconsiderate husband came to the side door with an apron tied about his waist and ostentatiously shook the crumbs from a tablecloth. What made this more mortifying for the wife was the fact that every married lady among the delegates found a personal affront in the action, and even their thorough confidence in her only made her apologies half acceptable. Some women would have retaliated upon a man so invertebrate, but Martha Mason was of a beautiful disposition, and I have often heard her attempt to exculpate him in this offence, trying to believe, in the kindness of her heart, that it was in the mere accidental course of household routine that he happened to be shaking the tablecloth at that particular moment.

Charity impels me to speak not too harshly of William Mason, yet history must be written and the truth is that like most men who have talented wives he was unreasonable in all that regarded the great movements in which his gifted wife was interested. It is an interesting speculation to figure out who are the women whose brains and hearts afford the motive power to the grand hurricane of enlightenment that now sweeps over America in regard to the sphere of women. Are they the household drudges who toil from morning until night through all the years? Not these slaves! Are they the gilt-edged ladies who dwell in halls of grandeur, with every wish anticipated? Not these fancy toys! Are they the ordinary mothers and wives of the land made conspicuous by some accident? Not at all. The women who are in the lead, the women among whom Martha Mason stood pre-eminent, are those who sacrifice all for the cause in which they are enrolled. Usually they do not marry, for marriage would hamper their freedom of action. It is sometimes charged by cynical people that these devoted women are those who failed to marry and who turn to agitation in crabbed displeasure with their lot. They say, too, that those married women who are identified with the spinsters are those who were married under a misapprehension and before their true nature had fully developed, and they point to the husbands as miserable victims. It must be admitted that a strange fate has so far condemned the great majority of talented women to marry (if they marry at all) men who are no credit to them, men who make a happy home-life impossible. O, for one such woman married to a great and good man whose heart would be in the social movements espoused by his wife! But a man always prizes his wife for her cooking rather than for her talents as a leader of women. Even the Rev. Luxury Covet did not encourage his wife to emerge from her home save on very special occasions. But her tastes were domestic, the reverend gentleman used to say, and she could scarcely be coaxed outside her house. It is a misfortune of the cause of social reform that its men are married to domesticated women who give no thought to anything but the house they preside over, while its women, if married at all, are yoked together with weak and spiritless creatures who render home life unhappy and bring reproach upon their wives. To find in this cause and effect, is the practice of the mean-minded adversaries of the movement. They say that a woman who flies out of "her proper orbit," as they are pleased to call the domestic sphere, is an imperfect creature and sure to wreck a man; that the men who take up the woman's cause are insincere and are tyrannical and exacting at home and make their wives drudges while urging other women into rebellion. These charges are too obviously absurd to need refutation.

Not attracted and charmed by the work that his wife was accomplishing, William Mason became ill-humored, then he developed into a state of resigned indolence and finally into heedless dissipation. He always claimed that his wife was the cause of his failure, and one of the trials which she had to bear was the constant upbraidings which he poured out upon her. On that melancholy occasion (of which the least said the best for all concerned), when he withdrew from his home and declared that he would not again live with his wife, he wrote very bitter letters to his friends defending the course he had taken. Let me make a short excerpt from one of these to show the character of the man:

"The end of it has come. You know something of what I have had to contend with. There was no happier couple in the world than we were until Rev. Luxury Covet persuaded my wife that she had a mission to perform. He roused the women up so that they could do the work for which he was paid, but he took good care not to excite his own wife to such a pitch that she should neglect her own home duties and his comfort. You generally notice that the woman who gallivants about under the delusion that she is saving the world from all sorts of mock dangers, really succeeds in nothing but in sending her husband to—h—l and her sons, too, if she have any. These are strong words but I speak with feeling. Fortunately we have no family and I am the only wreck my wife's folly will cast up on the beach. I was always used to a cozy home, and so when I tell you how it has been for the last year you will know how I have been harassed. When I reached the house at noon the dishes which I had left there after getting my own breakfast were usually on the table untouched. My wife would either be down at Mrs. —'s or upstairs writing a letter for the papers. At night I would find the table set for me, but the tea boiled down to lye or else not ready at all and the fire out. A silent meal, a silent house, the lamps without oil, and my wife at some confounded meeting or else consulting with that preacher about her cross—I'm her cross you understand; no woman reformer feels real good without a cross. There's a lot of home-made crosses being carried heavenward by people who think they are saints. If I drank a glass of beer she would weep over me as though I were a drunken maniac—it added a picturesque hue to the cross she was carrying, you see. I felt, often, like getting real drunk to please her. Such a happening would have aroused in her a delicious self-pity."

But enough of this. The violent nature of the husband's temper, his narrow personal view of life, is sufficiently shown by what I have quoted. His idea of a wife was one such as Martha Mason had been in the early days, with her thoughts centered around her own hearthstone—an idyllic and self-centered existence. Such a life might have been continued to the end of the chapter, and William Mason might have been happy, but, had the woman yielded, the world would not have known the Mauve Ribbon Brigade nor the B. Y. W. Sisterhood.

(To be Continued.)

What do You Think of This?

"The question of women wearing décolleté gowns," writes a correspondent of the *Illustrated American*, "should be referred to a commission composed of men. It is a well known fact that women expose their arms, shoulders and busts in public only with a view to their being seen by men. All women who are honest will acknowledge this. Therefore it seems right that the judges in this matter should not be Mrs. Grannis, who believes the practice to be wrong, nor Mrs. Frank Leslie, who believes it to be right; but those chiefly concerned—that is, the men themselves. Now, it is a fact that most men like to look at attractive arms, shoulders and busts. It is also a fact that there are in the world—*horresco referens*!—busts, shoulders and arms which are not attractive. These latter, men certainly do not care to look at and they should be severely suppressed. Why, then, would it not be a good idea to have a law passed by which all women should appear at stated intervals before local inspectors of arms, shoulders and busts, who would issue or withhold permits entitling the bearers to appear in décolleté gowns? There might be complications, it is true; for example, where a woman had broken her right collarbone, but had an exquisite left shoulder, she would be given a partial, a left-handed permit. Other special cases would doubtless arise, but the inspectors, if wisely chosen, would know how to deal with them."

A Wonderful Century Plant.

An incident related by the author of *The Pearl of India*, in his description of the flora of Ceylon, is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether that plant has intelligence. The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family on the broad piazza, which formed the front of a bungalow of a coffee plantation, recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa." The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child.

"Now," said the host, "will you touch the plant?"

Rising to do so, we approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger."

The Emperor's Lament.

The wild beasts gnashed and roared; the gladiators shouted hoarsely; the arena swam with gore.

In the amphitheater the populace clamored tumultuously.

"More blood! More death!" they yelled ferociously.

The Emperor on his throne above them heard their cry and sighed.

"Would that I could grant their prayer," he exclaimed. "If only—"

Impudently he raised his eyes.

"—Rugby football were known."

But with all his power he could not hasten the flight of time.

He Played with Booth.

"You wouldn't think, sir, that I once played with Booth in England?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, as he handed the wretched mendicant a quarter; "what did you play?"

"The bass drum, sir," answered the mendicant meekly; "but this Salvation Army blis played out for me."

The Average.

For Saturday Night.

A child with its plaything broken,
A boy kept in at school,
A youth with a love unspoken,
Who looks and feels like a fool.
A man who has toiled and striven
And dreamed ambition's dream,
And ever is backward driven
Like a swimmer against the stream.
Moments of fleeting pleasure
And days of toil and pain,
Gathering of useless treasure
Squandered, or hoarded in vain.
The false love won and cherished,
To clog the soul's bright wings;
The true love lost and perished,
That urged to higher things.
At times a clearer vision,
Glimpses of purer light;
Rays of the field's Elysium,
Quenched by earth's sordid night.
The vague and useless striving,
The years so swiftly passed,
With never reward arriving
Or good work done at last.
The death-bed's pain and sorrow,
The chill and darkened room,
Tears that are dried on the morrow,
And an unregarded tomb.

REYNOLD GOTTLAY.

The Pebble in the Stream.

For Saturday Night.

O pebble in the stream, this earth
Could little learn without you;
You know all things since earth had birth,
And tell them and none doubt you.
The great world looks upon your face,
But knows not that a story
Lies in each line the waves did trace
Upon your forehead hoary.
The poet's glances superficial
May read your face wave-born,
He has a word for every line
The waves have on your worn.
He knows upon your soiled sands
Each moment lays its fingers,
And every mark made by his hand,
But with that moment lingers.
Near by the quickly crumbling grain
Of sand there lies another,
Which laughs at wave and smiles at rain;
It is a harder brother;
And thoughts that cannot die when age
Is slowly round them creeping,
Unto its firm, unyielding page
Are given for safe keeping.
O wasting sands won by the wave,
O grains which cannot perish,
To you the waves all ages gave,
Which, Pebble, you will cherish.
So, Pebble, in the stream that shines
With golden granite glory,
Time in your grains, marks and lines,
Reads an unbroken story.

JANUARY 1, 1895.

ALBERT R. J. F. HARRARD.

The Power of Song.

For Saturday Night.

The minister's sermon was cold and long;
No comfort nor hope for the weary heart;
All other creeds were certainly wrong,
He alone had chosen the better part.
His arguments were chosen well,
No flaw could possibly be found;
All other beliefs would lead to hell,
His faith alone had scriptural ground.
He closed with a solemn perfunctory prayer;
He prayed for the heathen, far and near;
And took his seat with a satisfied air;
His task was done, his conscience clear.
Then up from the choir arose a voice,
Low and sweet, like an angel's song;
It made the careless heart rejoice,
For it echoed the strains of the heavenly throng.
It floated in gladness over us all,
For it told of peace and the love of God;
Of the rest remaining, what's our baffle,
Of strength to travel a toll-free road.
Of the wonderful love that the world had blest,
Of the glory above that all might share,
Of the peace where the weary heart might rest,
Of the home awaiting the traveler there.
And I saw the saddened heart grow bright,
And those that little cared for creed
Grew glad to hear of the glorious light,
And the pastures green, where their souls might feed.
The minister feared he perchance was wrong,
That his old sermon was thrown away;
He thanked the singer, and blessed the song,
For he learned much more than he taught that day.
Toronto, May 1893. F. W. MORRIS.

Belle.

For Saturday Night.

Her form is slight; her hair in tint
Is like to ripened grain; her eyes light blue.
Belle has a certain diffidence;
The English locust tree she much resembles,
With its tiny leaves which were before
Each passing wind; in storm to earth it bends,
But after storm it back returns again
To its position; it was homage paid to nature.
Although the bright embroidery of her mind
Is like the pennant of an ocean ship,
Always waving, always restless, yet
Her will formed strength can ever stand
The billowy brunt of life's severest storm.
Her thoughts recall the sparrow bird
That on the lake shore doth sing away
The hours; oftentimes it walks the pebbly path
Or skims the wavy water; for its home
We search the lofty sky-ward cliff.
Belle is not mannish; I have seen
Her eyes bedewed with rising tears
From sorrow or from sympathy.
But soon her tears all pass away,
As morning raindrops pass, which blush
And sparkle with the burning dawn.
I once; here on this earth no longer dwell
Without adoring the chief of girls, our Belle.

Generalized Too Much.

The French are a witty race, but French servants are reported to be the most stupid in the world. It is of a person of that race that this story is told.

Justine was reproved by her mistress for bringing home lobsters that were not fresh.

"You must positively not get any lobsters, Justine," said her mistress, "unless they are alive."

The servant took the injunction deeply into her consciousness. A few days afterward her mistress sent her to get some cheese.

"Is the cheese fresh, Justine?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, yes, madam," answered the servant.

"I was careful to see that it was alive."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Between You and Me.

DO you ever notice how locality affects our judgment of occurrences and things? How we groan over the death of half a dozen people sacrificed in a railroad accident on one of the roads over which we are wont to travel, while the account of a catastrophe in, say Hungary, where hundreds are killed and maimed, does not even provoke our faintest interest. And a little scandal in our own city stirs us up more than the most outrageous escapade across the seas. This is one reason why, as I read a new book written by a son of Toronto, I was perhaps more impressed because the scene of the story is all so familiar to me. I know the streets and the corners and the pavements, and even the numbers almost, that are mentioned in the unsavory life history of the indefensible heroine who "lived in New York." No one doubts that she and plenty more of her stamp live in New York, but also in Chicago, in Detroit, in any other rich city. Mr. Jarvis has probably painted her truly and exactly traced what is the downhill progress of the woman who has no defences. There is nothing left to tell of wickedness when one reaches the last page, and there comes over one a hot tide of shame for men and women, not the cry for mercy that rises when the black flag floats over the grave of Hardy's Tess, but an outraged flash of disgust, a throb of bitter humiliation, a feeling of weakness and despair, even in the smug consciousness of good living, that hurts and torments. A review of this book says that after a woman has read it she would never be able to fall unawares into the same plight as that of the woman who lived in New York. But to keep a woman from sin it needs more than the storied fall of another sinner. It needs the mother-teaching, and the father-guiding, and the brother-guarding, and most of all the innate purity of the soul that knows it has the right to demand of the body certain obedience. I don't know that Mr. Jarvis considers the soul of a woman in his book. His heroine has one saving (if) trait, which she shares with the animal creation, the love of an offspring, hideously born and hideously bred, and left in an artistically ghastly situation, with her feet ready to slip into the abyss which engulfed her mother. I believe I once made the statement in this column that I fancied Mr. Jarvis could not depict a good woman; I am convinced there is nothing lacking in his picture of a bad one. There is one delightfully funny part of the book, that central chapter which explains that the pictures given of the various phases of immorality must not be accepted as depicting New York society. When I read that I drew a long breath, then I laughed. It was too charmingly comical.

I wonder whether we shall be the better in another decade for the unsavory dishes we have swallowed in this one! The second Mrs. Tanqueray made me positively ill, so does the woman who lived in New York, a sort of revulsion that is as inexplicable as seasickness, if one loves to make the best of even very bad folks and is not subject to fits of intolerance. Once I had the temerity to allow myself to be put on a committee in connection with what was called a social purity movement. It was away off in Chicago, and Chicago is, as we all know, a very fine hunting-ground for such committees. I stayed on that committee just one day, then I came to the conclusion that I wasn't good enough to be a social purity pioneer, and I resigned and ran. It was the details the committee were after, and it was the details I didn't seem to relish, for while we must acknowledge certain plague spots and leprous patches in the great brotherhood of humanity, we don't want to take off the bandages and examine them. This is exactly what Mr. Jarvis does in his new book, giving no hint of a desire to cure the disease nor any reason for his public clinic.

If one believes in that inexpressible vast and wonderful idea of reincarnation, the sadness of such a story as that of the woman who lived in New York is intensified into a dozen tragedies. For through what ages of torment and toll and self-denial and pain must that tarnished soul struggle up into purity again! And how infinitely awful does each careless, reckless, downward step become, when one believes that it must be retraced, though ages be consumed in the retracing and whips of many thoughts be woven for the scourging, and tears like fire fall, and griefs that to the unbelieving seem unjust and cruel are laid upon the suffering heart. That is the only explanation that gives me the sense of many a Bible verse, glibly rattled off in and out of sense and reason by many a stupid tongue.

By the way, a little sentence on a little subject was suggested to me by an interested man one day lately. The interested man wanted to know what I thought of cigarette-smoking for ladies. At first I didn't believe he was serious, and answered with a jest, but he was extremely earnest. Cigarette-smoking, poker-playing, champagne-drinking and betting on the races are held in horror by some good souls as amusements for women. I have seen the three latter indulged in by women who were, so far as I know, none the worse for it. I don't believe I can say the same for the cigarettes, and I don't think anyone could persuade me that tobacco is good for any woman. Who smokes? Is it the most refined, most self-respecting, most intellectual woman one knows? Or is it she who holds the reins a little loose on her tongue and her fancy, who is apt to crave excitement more than is good for her, whose perceptions are a trifle blurred in her very highest matters? There may be exceptions, in fact, I know there are, to this rule. But there are smokers in petticoats in our city to-day who know that the exceptions are not themselves, as well as I do. It isn't a crime to smoke, neither is it a crime to wear trousers, but it would be better, say I, if both these privileges were confined to the sterner sex, who, poor bodies, need some compensation for their various trials and disadvantages!

LADY GAY.

Honesty has a disposition to awag down in the middle if too much gold is loaded on it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Canadian Voyageurs at the Pyramids

Telling how a Gathering of Fifty Distinguished Canadian Gentlemen Contemplated one of the Wonders of the World and Taught an Arab Tribe Something of North American Geography.

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

ALL know that Cook's excursions have demolished the popular continental idea that every traveling Englishman is a millionaire. A man who tries to do Paris, Switzerland, Venice and Rome in three weeks must be hard up for time or money. It is to the American globe-trotter that the landlord, courier and guide have now pinned their faith: to him the chambers with the best view are assigned, and before him they prostrate themselves in adulation of the almighty American dollar. He may often tuck his napkin under his chin and be emphatic with his soup, but then it is believed he was only a few years before going around with feathers in his hair and taking scalps from his neighbors. And allowances are made for a man who pays double rates for everything, even if he occasionally does eat peas with his knife. When he remarks that St. Peter's is not in it with No. 5 Elevator, Wabash avenue, Chicago, or that the Coliseum at Rome is just cut out for a good live man to start a stock yard or a pork-packing industry, the guide grins an approval which only the five dollar gold-piece received for two hours' work can explain. Even the Venetian gondolier receives with equanimity suggestions as to how Venice with proper embellishments could be drained and the Grand Canal made a good paying street car route, as he fondles the much-debated American silver. The popular belief that every American is a millionaire is undoubtedly founded on good grounds. In the first place he very often is, and then as a rule has made his money in big "deals," wherein the penny-wise policy never enters. I believe, however, the principal reason is the fact that the average American takes his pleasure seriously, that is, in a curiously perverted spirit. He cannot imagine having a good time without paying for it, which it may be said he is perfectly willing to do; and the greater the pleasure the greater should be the cost.

The lustre of Shakespeare's name is dimmed for that the Hathaway cottage can be inspected for half a crown. He fails to appreciate the National Gallery at only a shilling an appreciation, and his reverence for the ruins of Pompeii is apt to be proportionate to the amount of his bill. On an outgoing train from Chicago during the World's Fair, in answer to the usual question, "Did you enjoy the Fair?" I heard a Vermont Yankee say, "Wa'ail, I guess so. I spent about four hundred dollars in three weeks."

To the essentially practical, commercial, unsentimental Jonathan, pleasure is a commodity, an article which can be purchased and which his training teaches is a mere matter of dollars and cents, and he acts accordingly. That this belief in the boundless wealth of our cousins should pervade the highways of Europe I understand, but that it should be widespread on the lonely sands of the desert I wasn't prepared for. There is a tribe of Bedouin Arabs located near Ghizeh and the great pyramids, who through some "pull" or other on the Government have the exclusive monopoly of providing guides for tourists in, up and about the Pyramids and Sphinx. Every writer about modern Egypt refers to the beggling proclivities of the people. The first word that greets you on landing is "backsheesh" and on your departure, as your mind regretfully wanders over what wonderful, mystical land with its strange connection between past and present, your day-dreaming is disturbed by the old, old chorus that has met you on every hand during your sojourn, of "Backsheesh!" "Backsheesh!" The members of this Bedouin tribe were past-masters of the art of begging. They could give pointers in ingenious lying to the dapper Neapolitan guide and surpass his Parisian brother in plausibility, and for persistent, indefatigable industry in obtaining money by false pretenses they can beat the world. They have no sense of shame and the most lavish expenditure will not satisfy them. They plague you like an army of Muskoka mosquitoes in July, but everybody who has visited the Pyramids has written a book about them.

Americans are perfect god-sends to this tribe of beggars. Brother Jonathan might possibly be only moderately extravagant at Killarney or the Highlands; he is accustomed to lakes and mountains at home, but he has been haunted by pictures of the Pyramids from the days of Sunday school books and school geographies, and this is an occasion, if ever there was one, which demands that he should loosen up. There is a belief current in Egypt that an ordinary-sized village can live in comparative affluence for a week after the visit of two American tourists. Now when it was reported to the Pyramid Sheikh that over fifty gentlemen from America would visit the Pyramids next day and that he was required to provide guides, you may imagine the excitement created. I don't know whether there is any truth in the report that the Sheikh fainted when the announcement was made, recovered in defiance of the law of the Koran by punishing half a bottle of Feringhee brandy, made arrangements for two additional wives which his straitened income had hitherto prevented his marrying and was found by the children of his tribe at midnight under the window of a harem of an intimate friend, informing the head muck-a-muck of the establishment that verily there was corn in Egypt. I can believe it. The tribesmen were told went out under the silent stars and yelled all night. One American was luck, but fifty—that was independence for life, and all in one day too. Every hair in the prophet's beard was blessed for the delivery into their hands of this band of generous, unsophisticated infidels from America. It is with a slight diminution of national pride that I have to acknowledge that the common run of Egyptians know nothing about Canada; they are unaware that we are part of the Empire on which the sun, etc.; they don't know that the forty-ninth parallel is utilized for any purpose other than one purely scientific. You may chuck out your

chest and inform them that you are a Canadian and they look dazed. You tell them you are from America and they beam. This Pyramid tribe know the difference now. We left our mark. Yes, several marks on them. For the fifty gentlemen from America were the Canadian volunteer boatmen, who had returned from the Sudan and were being entertained by a grateful Government for several days in Cairo. We took the entertaining into our own hands as a rule. We didn't wish to trouble our hosts. If the Government advanced the price we would do the rest, we modestly said. However, the day at the Pyramids was to be under the management of Cook's Agency. Cook will tackle anything. They it was who had sent the word to the Sheikh, and we were the American millionaires. It was a band of rather battered-looking representatives of American wealth that assembled that morning in Kas-el-Nile barrack square, for we had been doing considerable entertaining the day before. From the Arab point of view it was an unfortunate day for any peace-loving community to run counter to us, as nearly every man was carrying around with him what is technically known as "a head." Roll was called. The casualties of the day before were appalling. It is sad, but true, that of that fearless band of sixty-five free-born Canadians that had gone forth from that bar-back square one short day before with courage in each man's heart and ten sovereigns in his pocket, about fifty survivors only answered to their names. The others were reported—most harrowing of reports—missing. It was a pathetic scene. "Jim Burwash," yelled the foreman calling the roll. "Corralled by the Citadel guard in a row with a detachment of the blind half-hundred (the 50-h.)" was growled from the ranks.

Then there would be half a dozen names and the laconic "Here" given. Then, "Pierre Jarbeau!"

"Think he's in Lower Town, Ottawa; saw him about eleven o'clock last night asking an Armenian to direct him to No. — Rideau street."

"Peter O'Connor?"

"Fighting drunk at eight o'clock and cleaning out a free-and-easy music hall because a Turk interrupted him when singing 'Come all ye.' He only got through fourteen verses."

"Frank Michie!"

"Came into barracks at reveille," one of us answered. "He was in his stocking feet and said that the Bishop of Cairo stole his boots down at the Alabaster mosque."

"Has he been drinking?" said Col. Kennedy.

"I rather suspect so, sir, for he said that the Bishop got on to his being an Orangeman and stole his boots, and as it was a Mohammedan mosque where he lost his boots, and he only talks of popish conspiracies when he is full as a goat, I guess he's drunk. He's sound asleep, sir, in his room."

"Some of you men get him down," said Col. Kennedy; "I am sure he wouldn't miss seeing the Pyramids for the world."

No. Frank wouldn't miss seeing the Pyramids for the world. He had talked about the Pyramids while crossing the Atlantic; up the Nile and down the Nile, in camp and on the river. And he had theories, original theories, about them. He relished old temples and tombs, but he had looked forward to a visit to the Pyramids as a fitting wind-up to the trip. He was carried down carefully. No one cared to wake Frank up in "a popish conspiracy" mood. He was apt to be very disagreeable—very. For the same reason he was generously given entire possession of the first of the twenty carriages that the fifty gentlemen from America were provided with. As we moved slowly off it seemed gruesomely like a funeral, with Frank taking the principal part in the procession, the important-looking dragoman beside the driver acting as undertaker, with Charlie B—, Tom A—, Jack Boyle and myself in the next cab as pall-bearers. When this view was afterwards described to Frank, I believe he half regretted that the funeral wasn't genuine. It would be a source of pride and gratification to him to have it said that the much-talked-of Pyramids were a monument over the tombs of several Pharaohs (names unknown) and Frank Michie, Winnipeg, Manitoba. When the procession broke into a trot Frank was rolled around in such a manner that I was asked to get into his rig and prevent him breaking his neck. I did. I wanted to hear Frank's opinion of the Pyramids. About two miles from Ghizeh, the younger and more active of the Bedouins met us with shouts of welcome, and running alongside the "carriage" proffered the curious relics of the ancient kings procured from an enterprising Birmingham firm. No one need be alarmed that there is any danger of the portable relics of ancient Egypt running short. That Birmingham firm is perfectly solvent. The jolting of the carriage at last awakened Frank. He looked around in a bewildered sort of way. His eyes at last were glued on Cheops, now plainly to be seen ahead. I anxiously awaited the effect that the first sight of one of the seven wonders of the world, the mysterious monument of ancient science and art, would have on Frank. He seemed surprised and had an almost startled look, like a sportsman that unexpectedly sights his game.

"Pyramids, a' help me!" he muttered, and began to hunt through his pockets as if for his ammunition. "Pyramids. Sick as a wet hen, dry as a chip and not a drop about me." He turned to me. "For heaven's sake, Charlie, have you anything wet in your clothes?"

I hadn't.

"Perhaps that Arab has. Here, you," he called to a fellow running alongside, and who was beside him in a second. The Bedouin didn't seem to understand the "lingua Franca," for he thrust his hand, containing a Scarabeus and a lot of other metal trinkets, towards Michie and began the usual sing-song

about "Ver' curious, ver' antique, bono, ver' old."

"Yes, I guess they are," said Frank; "but the curio that I'm after is old rye, and I ain't particular how old or how antique it is, either. Great Caesar's ghost," he said to me, "talk about asking for bread and getting a stone! This knocks it cold. A man with a throat like a limekiln, the biggest day of the trip before him, and when he asks for a drink a nigger offers to trace him up on two pot metal beetles and a lot of graven images from the coffin of some old Pharaoh that is dead and buried about five thousand years. It's hard. It's rubbing it in. I guess that Arab is a son of temperance."

I suggested that Jack Boyle had a bottle. "Hold on," roared Frank to the driver. "Haul in your slack; stop the band-wagon." In a minute after a plethoric-looking bottle—with a strict injunction to hit it light—was transferred to our cab. "Now," whispered the doughty but resourceful Michie to the dragoman, "drive on and if you don't let that rig catch us, I'll give you fifty cents, ten pence, Emshee."

The last mile was a wild scramble by the whole procession, the remainder of the carriages following the example of the first two, Frank every few minutes noting the effect of the apex of old Cheops through the bottom of Boyle's bottle.

(To be concluded next week.)

At the Menagerie.

A Man From Mars Visits Our Local Menagerie of Living Curiosities.

Who is this? He looks as though he had been searching out some of the lost calculations of Euclid.

Oh, he's a lawyer.

Why does he look so broken down?

He has been working up the city's side of the great lawsuit with the railways for the past four days and nights. He will meet the railroad people to-morrow, and perhaps the lawsuit may be averted.

Is he clever?

One of the greatest lawyers in Canada. He gets one hundred dollars a day when handling a case at Osgoode hall, and is in such demand that he keeps a host of competent lawyers employed under his orders.

Well this case seems to have exhausted him. Yes. He has carefully examined hundreds of documents, and has searched through scores of law books for precedents and rulings, and the mental strain has worn him out. Only an intellectual giant could do what he has done.

Such a man must be regarded as a great public benefactor!

Not that I have heard of.

EXHIBIT No. 2.

Who is this trivial youth smoking the cigarette and loling in his chair?

Hush, for goodness sake!

Why? Who is he?

He is leading juvenile on the *Daily Drive* and he is writing a criticism upon the great lawyer's draft agreement with the railways. He secured a type-written copy of it an hour ago.

What is he writing?

He is writing a fierce article saying that the city is being swindled, that the great lawyer has not properly safeguarded the city with legal provisos, that to adopt the agreement as proposed would be illegal, and that the City Engineer's recommendation of the lawyer's agreement proves him to be unfit for his post. He is pointing out the flaws in the agreement and the facts overlooked by the lawyer and the engineer.

My, my! This must be a clever young person. I'll bet he gets a fine salary. About how much, now, does he get?

Oh, about \$10 or \$15.

Per minute?

No, per week.

This floors me. How much does the en-

gineer get?

About \$5,000 per year.

What did the lawyer get for drafting the agreement?

About \$500.

For Heaven's sake then, why doesn't the youth go into law or engineering?

He would have to study about eleven years. Then he doesn't know it all?

Yes, he does. He knows it all and can say it

backwards, but it takes eleven years to get on to all the red tape business.

Why doesn't the great lawyer come to him before preparing his agreement?

Pride. Cursed pride restrains him.

Do the people know that an agreement prepared by the great lawyer and the City Engineer is wrong when the youth points out the blunders?

Yes. The people form in line along the streets, catch hold of hands and howl until it is changed as this young man suggests.

I'll bet the people are proud of him!

Not at all. There are seven just like him on every daily in the city. Anyone can do it—anyone who can get a job on a paper.

But, say—this one we're looking at, he must have studied this question for a long time to know more about it than the great lawyer who ground away at it for four days!

Never had a fact of the case under his attention until he got a copy of the agreement an hour ago.

Marvelous! Marvelous! Don't go away. Let me look at him for a while. We haven't got anything like him on Mars. Oh, say! If I get into a lawsuit here I shall retain one of these newspaper men instead of a lawyer.

Don't.

Why?

Because if you were arrested on the most trivial pretext and a newspaper man handled your case in court, it would end in your being hung.

Why would it?

Well, any newspaper man knows more about law than S. H. Blake, Chief Justice Meredith, Col. Denison and the Privy Council all pounded together, but the legal gentlemen are so jealous they would pervert the statutes and hang you just to be ugly.

Well, my opinion is that this country ought to know more about the men who make its newspapers than it does. If the people only knew that the city could get its legal and engineering advice free from a reporter while he is eating his dinner of poached eggs on toast, they would rebel against paying immense fees and large salaries as they do now.

Yes, but the newspaper men don't get a show in this country. The press is under the iron heel of despotism. The libel law is most iniquitous, the copyright law is an outrage, the courts are domineering, the judges are sassy, but when "the freedom of the press" is achieved this will be a grand country to live in.

What does the press want?

Freedom. I don't know just what is implied, but the press demands freedom. Now let us move on. If we stand here the *Drive* artist will sketch us and label the picture, "Two well-known Thieves who Plundered the Burning Buildings at the Late Fire."

MACK.

The Down-trodden Sex.

Mrs. Highbump (wearily)—Woman's work is never done.

Mrs. Wayupp (drearily)—Too true. A man may get rich and retire from business, but a woman must go on making and re-revealing calls to the day of her death.—*New York Weekly.*

Editor—It seems to me you've been a long while grinding out this article. Reporter—Yes; you see I wrote the first half of it on the typewriter and the last half with a fountain pen.

Mildred—What did you think of the Christmas decorations? Marjorie—Considering that the alcove was so secluded, hanging that piece of mistletoe up there seemed rather superfluous.



"I'M THAT BIG."

Short Stories Retold.

Rubinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the Crusaders who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano, presumably," was the smiling response.

Plus the Ninth was not without a certain sense of humor. One day, while sitting for his portrait to Healy, the painter, speaking of a monk who had left the church and married, he observed, not without malice: "He has taken his punishment into his own hands."

The famous Reform Club chef, Alexis Soyer, was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy. "Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought. "I am an officer," was the reply. "What rank?" "I am chief of a batterie." "Of what batterie?" "Of the batterie de cuisine de l'armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the answer.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services. "Let me cut your steak for you," she said; "if I can cut it the way you like it," she said, with some degree of doubt. "Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

When Offenbach was at Ems, at the flood-tide of his popularity, he was presented to old Emperor William. "I know you are a foreigner by naturalization," said the Kaiser, "but Germany is proud of you nevertheless; for, if I am not mistaken, you were born in Bonn." "No, sire," was Offenbach's answer, "I am from Cologne; the other man was born in Bonn." The "other man" was Beethoven.

The Empress Catherine, noticing that the beautiful Mlle. Potocka, who had lately come to court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy dress, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then, while Mlle. Potocka was dancing, the empress slipped a superb necklace of pearls into the girl's hand, and, at her exclamation of wonder, said, "It is only the milk, which has curdled."

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the late commander of the forces in Ireland, once told Father Healy that he found "blind shooting" prevailing to a deplorable extent among the Irish militia regiments, and that he intended to insist on a greater attention to target practice. "For goodness' sake, don't do that, your royal highness!" exclaimed Father Healy; "if you make the militia men good shots, there won't be a landlord left in the country."

Sir Edwin Landseer used to tell the story that at one of his exhibitions he leaned over the railing before his favorite painting, Shepherd's Lost Mourner, and put his finger almost against the canvas explaining some point to a friend. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a policeman called out from the other end of the room. "Don't you touch that picture." Landseer turned around meekly and said: "I am afraid I have touched it before." "More shame to you," said the policeman angrily; "you might know better at your age."

On the occasion of a football match in England, between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking towards the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were. "Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

A good-hearted curate, who firmly believed that God was continually working miracles to enable him to help the needy, and who seldom had a coin in his pocket, though he was never devoid of the fire of charity in his heart, was accosted one day by a beggar woman. He pleaded utter lack of money and sadly turned aside; but on the mendicant beseeching him to search his pockets, he hesitantly put his hand in one and, to his amazement and joy, found a five-shilling piece there. "Another of God's miracles!" he exclaimed; and then, addressing the woman, "This coin belongs to you, of right. Take it and go in peace." Having told the story a few hours later to his worldly-minded parish priest, and suggested that they should both go down on their knees and render thanks to God, a strange, unpleasant light suddenly broke on the mind of the shrewd pastor, who exclaimed in accents not suggestive of thanksgiving, "Good Lord! those are my breeches that you've on you."

Frank Buckland told the following story. He belonged to a fishing club on the Thames, which held its meetings once a week, and the chairman for the evening was the one who had caught the heaviest fish. On one occasion a Mr. Jones was the fortunate individual. It was the first time that he had earned the honor, and he was very proud of it, though his prize fish had only been a barbel. One of the members of the club was unable to stay for dinner and asked Jones for the fish to take home with him, as it was not to form part of the menu. He consented, though rather unwillingly, and nothing was heard of the matter till the next meeting, when Buckland chanced to be present. "A curious thing happened about that barbel which Jones gave me last Saturday," observed Buckland confidently. "A barbel could not do it. It's conformation forbids it." "You may theorize as you like," returned the other, "but I must be allowed to believe the evidence of my senses. I saw the jack taken out of the barbel with my own eyes." "I don't believe it," said Buckland. The conversation, in fact, was growing very warm, when Jones broke in with: "Don't quarrel, gentlemen. You are both of you right. The fact is, I was so afraid that somebody might catch a heavier fish than I that I poked the little jack down the barbel's throat with my fishing-rod to make him weigh more."

Midwinter Fancies

NE of the prettiest wedding-gowns worn lately was made with what seems to be the feature of this winter's styles—the broad box-pleat down the front of the corsage. This, as well as the immense sleeves, was embroidered with marguerites in seed-pearls. The skirt had a long train and was untrimmed. This same box-pleat is seen on everything, in all materials, for all occasions. At a tea recently at least half a dozen pretty gowns were made in this same way. One was of black cloth, with a loose fold of orange velvet covered with tiny black dots coming down on either side of the pleat, fastened with a *chou*. The collar was of this same velvet, with two little rounded tabs turning over it on each side. These little turn-down tabs are the very latest thing in collars. A pale blue velvet corsage at the same tea had dainty old lace falling on either side of the pleat and off the shoulders, with a crushed velvet collar and tabs of the same. Another gown was in heavy black ribbed silk, with white lace ruffles under the pleat and white lace epaulettes. Among other novelties of this year are charming little bodices of checked velvet to wear at the theater or for receiving at home. A pretty one worn by the hostess at this same tea was of black and white velvet turned away in front over the daintiest possible little chemise of white, down which went cerise ribbons edged with jet. Another is in even checks of black and white and mauve, turned away in front, as usual, and bordered with a band of white velvet trimmed with fancy buttons. This is worn over a pleated vest of *mousseline de soie* trimmed with lace insertion, with a rolling turn-over collar edged with lace. Fancy buttons used as trimming are another feature of this year's gowns. A Havana *crepon*, for instance, has a full blouse front of lace embroidered in eyelet-holes over crepe satin. Pieces of the *crepon* come down on the shoulders, fastened with great gold and green and every other imaginable color of buttons, and the belt and sleeves are finished with big buttons. A lovely little gown made lately for Mlle. Darland, who is one of the best dressed of the French actresses, had a wide full skirt of green silk—*feuille de lilas*—the color of lilac leaves, which is one of the new shades. The corsage was of white *guipure* embroidered with little wings in dark blue jets. From the shoulders sprang wide revers of satin *velours* of the same green, pleated in three immense flaring side pleats, coming out over the shoulders at the back. Among the prettiest new trimmings I have seen are the open-work passementeries over color. Almost the only trimming that the new full skirts admit are bands either of fur or of passementerie around the bottom. A band of white cloth embroidered with marguerites in black silk is laid over yellow velvet. A band embroidered with open-work in jets is over white satin. And another pretty fantasy is a ball gown trimmed around the bottom with a band of fur caught down with great stars of lace.

The novelty of the moment is a little collar-band of fur, to be worn as velvet stock-collars are. It is merely a straight band of fur about three inches wide, standing out in projecting loops on the sides, then hooking in front, where it is adorned with two miniature heads of the animal that meet together there. This odd little *tour de cou* is made of the glossiest black silken Persian lamb, or of the *moire* Persian, or else of seal skin, otter, or the shorter brown furs, especially mink or sable. The large fox boas, either white, gray or brown, have been given as Christmas presents to girls who skate, sleigh or ride the bicycle, as they are very warm. They are made of the skin of the entire animal attached to a slightly smaller head, and retain the full round brush, with good effect. Small boleros of fur are in great favor with young women. When well made they are extremely pretty, but there are many "botches" among those seen on the street. The prettiest reach to the waist line all around and button up closely almost to the throat, but are arranged so that they can be turned over in revers, if preferred. The most *chic* boleros have sleeves of *miroir* velvet that are of tremendous size. They are cut bias, and are of the same length all the way down, to drop below the elbow, where they are turned up and gathered to a lining. These are beautiful in velvetlike seal-skin, with sleeves of black *miroir* velvet, while other boleros are of black *moire* Persian fur, with huge sleeves of striped velvet, or else of the lustrous and sleek *miroir* velvet. The handsomest sable boas have a wide collar band that may be turned up or down as one chooses, finished on each end with seven tails of sable, making fourteen in all, yet so soft and caressant are they that they yield to the touch like a jabot of lace. Worth makes yokes of fur from the upper part of large long cloaks for the carriage or opera. One of dark blue camel-hair and velvet has a square yoke of dark brown sable with tails falling in front and back. A high flaring collar of blue velvet flares backward from a fur bos made of the entire skin of a small sable. Small collars of seal-skin reaching just over the shoulder-tips are given an important look by a large *ruche* around the neck made of velvet of the same color thickly lined and boxed. Another odd fashion is the collet of black velvet falling very full and also entirely double from a yoke of velvet. Each of the velvet collars is lined with ermine which meets face to face, and is out of sight except when blown about by the wind. A high collar, close about the neck, of black ostrich tips finishes the garment. Chinchilla is very decidedly the fashionable fur for those who have sufficient color in lip and cheek to wear it becomingly. There is great choice in this fur, the inferior skins looking brown and dingy beside the clear gray shades seen in the best qualities brought from Africa. An undulating collar in two rows, or with a stole front, is the favorite shape, as many insist that a mass of this fur when seen in large capes is not effective. It is, however, a charmingly warm and velvety fleece. It is at its best when combined with black or with sealskin. The light brown stone marten fur is revived for all the small garments now in vogue, and is worn with various dresses. Wide loops of fur are among the most fanciful trimmings on velvet hats designed for the midwinter. Thus a wide-

brimmed hat of black velvet has clusters of black ostrich tips on the left side, while on the right are projecting loops of bands of dark brown mink or Russian sable. At the back are drooping clusters of long-stemmed violets of the darkest purple shades. Small bonnets with Rhinestone crown are narrowly edged with sable, in which cabochons are set at intervals, holding the fur in small festoons or godets as it rests on the hair. To return to neck wear. A novelty is the black *chiffon* bow made of frills of finely pleated *chiffon* wound around and around. A large bow of black velvet ribbon is at the back of the neck. A muff to correspond has a puff of black velvet, through which the bands pass, trimmed on the sides with a wide pleated ruff of black *chiffon* standing out in fan shape. Flower collars are among the pretty things for wearing with high waists of *chiffon*. They are merely a band of ribbon covered with small blossoms, and fastened under a large bow at the back. One of small English hedge roses covers a pink satin band nearly three inches wide, while another has pink rose-buds not half-blown, and a third, of violet satin, is covered with Parma violets finished by a huge bow of ribbon of the same color.

LA MODE.

Look Before You Leap.



Mr. Broadway—Let's climb up that haystack and slide down the other side like we used to do as boys, eh?
Mr. Bleeker—Good. I'll go you.



Both—Won't it be jolly fun, though?



(But it wasn't, for reasons unnecessary to mention.)

"You don't seem to hold a very high opinion of the latter-day woman." "I don't." She has ceased to be a lady and has not yet succeeded in becoming a gentleman."

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIR,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines.

Coutts & Sons.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

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ON THE DARK ROAD!

A St. John, N.B., Lady Who was Nearing the Grave.

SHE DECLARES THAT PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND SAVED HER.

The case of Mrs. William Irvine of St. John, N.B., was a sad one, and caused her family and friends great anxiety for a time. Overwork, watching, loss of sleep and intense agony from kidney trouble made life almost unbearable. Effort after effort with medicines and doctors' prescriptions proved futile. The grave and its terrors were becoming more realistic, and death's hand seemed to be firmly fastened on the victim of disease.

There flashed a bright inspiration—Paine's Celery Compound!—a thought of a medicine that had wrought wonders for others. The marvelous life-giving medicine was used, and the results are briefly set forth in Mrs. Irvine's letter as follows:

"I think it a great pleasure as well as a duty to put on record what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I have been troubled for the last ten years with kidney complaint, and have tried a great many preparations and doctors' prescriptions, but with little or no benefit.

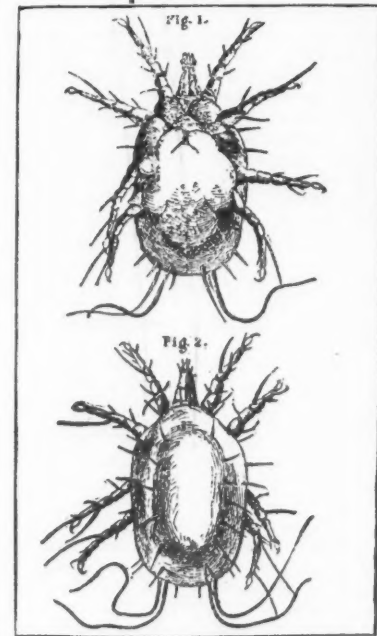
"For the last six months I have had a great strain upon my system from night-watching and overwork. I was breaking down; my friends said, 'I was going fast to death.' I resolved to try your Paine's Celery Compound, and used four bottles. My kidney trouble disappeared; nervousness and sleeplessness are troubles of the past, and my general health is greatly improved. In a word, I am cured; and I wish you to publish this so that the world can read it."

What are Raw Sugars?

Professor Cameron, Public Analyst of the city of Dublin, who has examined samples of raw sugar, states that they contained great numbers of disgusting insects, which produce a disgusting disease. Their shape is very accurately shown in the accompanying figures, magnified two hundred diameters. Fig. 1 is the under side and Fig. 2 is the upper side. His description is as follows:

"The *Acarus sacchari* is a formidably organized, exceedingly lively, and decidedly ugly little animal. From its oval-shaped body stretches forth a proboscis terminating in a kind of scissors, with which it seizes upon its food. Its organs of locomotion consist of eight legs, each jointed and furnished at its extremity with a hook. In the sugar, its movements from one place to another are necessarily very slow, but when placed on a perfectly clean and dry surface, it moves along with great rapidity."

SUGAR INSECT.
"Acarus Sacchari."
FOUND IN RAW SUGAR.



Drawn from life from insects found in grocery Mauritius sugar. By Smith, Beck & Beck Microscopists, London.

He adds that "the number of *Acarus* found in raw sugar is sometimes exceedingly great, and in no instance is the article quite free from either the insects or their eggs. Muscovado, as it comes from the colonies, should never be used."

He further says: "The *Acarus sacchari* do not occur in Refined Sugar of any quality, because they cannot pass through the charcoal filters of the refinery, and because Refined Sugar does not contain any nitrogenous substance upon which they could feed."

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Robby—Mamma, if Santa Claus is such a good man, why does he give so many more presents to rich children than he does to the poor ones? Mother—Because it takes so much more to please a rich child than it does a poor one, my son.

"Have you received an invitation to the bachelors' ball?" "Yes, indeed, I'm to be the only girl there." "What?" "Yes; really. You know the bachelors only had an invitation apiece to send out, and I've received one from each."

"The telephone is like a woman; it tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."

The bright white rows of a its way through the cool, dark, reclining comfortab and follow with its of form through the Suddenly eyed girls "Buenos "That is "Listen to will speak sides 'good "But ne have done "Ah! th pretty goss I found you brought to done that? She took resting her eyes fixed in her mo beautiful w "Tell me upon one of you, I could a Dios, you come from, canyon! A Hilliard!" "Did I tel "St; Don "Carlot a not repeat you now wh that his str of doubt or "It matter are here no well, and per let you go. "But Jose "Jose? B this way, se the Americ do not mix t them are no Americans. Th but I am an have been to That is why Americans. ing from anot she was zone Hilliard loo the room. O love with h woman can Did he not beautiful and The days w for him. Ne joyed. Carl him and trie the violent fl and nose, w spoke "No In solitely beref It was altop cher. His in his fierce love He galloped in said was fite and spent ho eliently watch rously about t cigarette. Carlot's ar Jose loved her knew, neverth not to be despi At the outse, him more tha presented him holder, which sweetheart. E the present, placable. It was not u to make his de become his wif riage had seen eary proceedi conceal his fee lightful simpli without a stru was not an ord But he had a only to himse in a few day, for San Franci tion. Back he the town, and lowed a trail in to the edge of earth and ro had years befor Standing in th for him now to the brink. He on the very epo Then he start erratic search f fastness. Back down into gulch through narrow he went. Late in the af his search. It the branches of he took a rev moved stealthi asserted; he pus There was not interior; a hea hearth was th been occupied. The embers in knees he exami ashes with his finding a brok exclamation of light to inspect

In the Secret Service.

The bright, warm sunshine streamed along the white garden walk, glistened the precise rows of abalone shells, and furtively pushed its way through the low, open door into the cool, dark room, where, bandaged, he lay upon a reclining chair. Lying there, luxuriously comfortable, his eyes dreamily wandered out and followed the massive, adobe garden wall, with its old, red tiles, until they met the California hills and the blue beyond, showing through the arched, whalebone gate.

Suddenly the view was shut out; a dark-eyed girl stood in the doorway.

"Buenos dias, señor!" she cried blithely.

"Buenos dias, Dona Carlota."

"That is very good, señor," laughed the girl. "Listen to the Spanish you hear and soon you will speak it, and be able to say something besides 'good morning.'"

"But never enough to thank you for all you have done for me."

"Ah! that is foolish to talk so"—with a pretty gesture of deprecation—"I did nothing. I found you lying in the canyon and had you brought to our house. Who would not have done that?"

She took a stool and sat close beside him, resting her chin in her hands, her big dark eyes fixed intently upon his face. He thought her the most ingenious as well as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

"Tell me more about yourself," she broke out impulsively, as she placed a warm hand upon one of his. "When the fever was on you, I could not talk to you; but now, *gracias a Dios*, you are almost well. Where did you come from, and what were you doing in the canyon? And you say your name is George Hilliard?"

"Did I tell you that?"

"Si, Don Jorge Hilliard."

"Carlota"—with some anxiety—"you must not repeat what I have told you. I cannot tell you now what brought me here."

And certainly he was delighted when he saw that his strange admonition brought no sign of doubt or suspicion into her face.

"It matters not, señor," she went on; "you are here now and you will stay until you get well, and perhaps longer. My mother will not let you go."

"But Jose!"

"Jose? Bah! *Un bribon!* Look! It is this way, señor: I have not many friends; the Americans and the, what you call, Spanish do not mix together here. Spanish! Most of them are not Spanish, but Mexicans, South Americans, Portuguese, and—*es to mismo*—Indians. The Machados are Castilians, señor, but I am an American. I was born here. I have been in the convent at Santa Barbara. That is why I speak such good English. I like Americans. *Si, mia madre*—to a voice calling from another room—"I am coming," and she was gone.

Hilliard looked fondly after her as she left the room. Of course he knew that she was in love with him—in love as only a Spanish woman can be. And he? Well, why not? Did he not owe his life to her? Was she not beautiful and good?

The days went by, and it was very pleasant for him. Never was convalescence more enjoyed. Carlota talked to him, and read to him and tried to teach him Spanish.

Whether or not a Senora Machado approved of the violent flirtation going on under her roof and nose, was difficult to determine. She spoke "no ingles," and her dark face was abnormally bereft of expression.

It was altogether different with Jose Sanchez. His intense hatred for the invalid and his fierce love for the girl were alike apparent. He galloped in from the ranch—which Carlota said was fifteen miles distant—almost daily, and spent hours in the room with the two, silently watching them, or else walked nervously about the garden smoking yellow paper cigarettes.

Carlota's artless and frank admission that Jose loved her, charmed the American; but he knew, nevertheless, that he had in him a rival not to be despised, and possibly to be feared. At the outset, he had made an effort to extend him more than the usual affability. He even presented him with an expensive cigarette-holder, which had been given him by an old sweetheart. But Jose, although he accepted the present, remained sullen, silent and implacable.

It was not until the time came for Hilliard to make his departure that he asked Carlota to become his wife. Somehow a proposal of marriage had seemed to him an almost unnecessary proceeding, for he had made no effort to conceal his feelings, and Carlota, in her delightful simplicity, had given her heart to him without a struggle. The proposal, therefore, was not an ordeal.

But he had a mission to perform—one known only to himself. Promising Carlota to return in a few days, he boarded a train, ostensibly for San Francisco, and left it at the first station. Back he trudged until within a mile of the town, and then leaving the road, he followed a trail into the mountains. It led him to the edge of a precipice, where great masses of earth and rocks, loosened by winter rains, had years before slid down in an avalanche. Standing in the thick chapparal, it was easy for him now to see how he had walked over the brink. He leaned over and looked down on the very spot where he had fallen.

Then he started on a cautious but seemingly erratic search for something in the mountain fastness. Back and forth under the trees, down into gulches, beneath overhanging rocks, through narrow passes, and along steep trails, he went.

Late in the afternoon he found the object of his search. It was a cabin almost hidden by the branches of a fallen tree. From his pocket he took a revolver, examined it, and then moved stealthily toward the hut. It was deserted; he pushed back the door and entered. There was nothing unusual about the bare interior; a heap of charred embers on the hearth was the only sign that it had lately been occupied.

The embers interested him at once. On his knees he examined them carefully, sifted the ashes with his hands and was rewarded by finding a broken counterfeited die. With an exclamation of satisfaction he took it to the light to inspect it more closely. Something on

the floor at the threshold attracted his attention. He picked it up. It was an ornamental cigarette-holder—the one he had given Jose.

The following morning saw him back in the town, walking rapidly toward the house of the Machados. During the night, after long study, he had formulated a plan whereby Carlota and her mother would be spared the mortification consequent upon the publicity of the proposed arrest. Jose would be taken quietly away and no one would know of it.

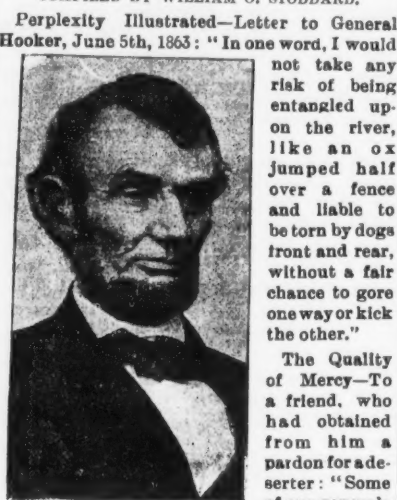
He passed quickly through the whalebone gate, along the garden walk and into the dwelling. Carlota's hat and gloves were on a table. A moment he stood there looking down upon them, and then the mother entered, expressionless as ever and silently handed him a note. He opened it and read:

"SEÑOR DON JORGE HILLIARD.—I cannot marry you, because I have married Don Jose Sanchez. We sail from America to-day. Don Jose would have gone long ago, but he would not leave without me. I learned your business after you were brought to our house, and thought it well to keep you there. I cannot tell you whether we sail. You are in the secret service. So am I. Adios. CARLOTA."

—William A. Taaffe in *The Argonaut*.

Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



Abraham Lincoln.

Perplexity Illustrated—Letter to General Hooker, June 5th, 1863: "In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled up on the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to go one way or kick the other."

The Quality of Mercy—To a friend, who had obtained from him a pardon for a deserter: "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

Lincoln's Hatred of Oppression—To Newton Bateman, October, 1860. "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God."

At a Critical Moment—The result of the great conflict seemed to be in more doubt than ever, just after the Emancipation Proclamation. Mr. Lincoln expressed his own view of the situation with: "We are a good deal like whalers who have been long on a chase. At last we have got our harpoon fairly into the monster; but we must look out how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will yet send us all into eternity."

Thanksgiving Proclamation—October 3, 1863. "No human council hath devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are most gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently acknowledged, as with one heart and voice, by the whole American people."

Drawing Down the Disease—At the very outset of the war sundry wise men from New York urged Mr. Lincoln to keep away Confederate armies from Washington by naval attacks upon Southern seaports. It reminded him, he said, of a New Salem, Ill., girl, who was troubled with a "singing in her head" for which there seemed to be no remedy, but a neighbor promised a cure if they would "make a plaster of psalm tunes and apply to her feet and draw the singing down."

The Firing at Knoxville—At the time when General Burnside's force was besieged in Knoxville, Tenn., with an apparent danger of being starved into surrender, a telegram came one day from Cumberland Gap announcing that "Firing is heard in the direction of Knoxville." "Glad of it!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Why should you be glad of it?" asked a friend who was present, in some surprise. "Why, you see," he explained, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine. She had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place and she would exclaim, 'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

A Second-Hand President—No doubt Mr. Lincoln sufficiently appreciated the good qualities of ex President Fillmore, then living, but

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a mention of him one evening brought out a shot at the Vice-Presidential succession. Just after Taylor's death, when Fillmore succeeded him, Fillmore needed to buy a carriage. Some gentleman here was breaking up housekeeping and had one for sale, and Fillmore took Edward (the old doorkeeper of the White House) with him when he went to look at it. It seemed to be a pretty good turnout, but Fillmore looked it carefully over and then asked Edward, "How do you think it will do for the President of the United States to ride in a second-hand carriage?" "Sure, your Excellency," replied Edward, "you're only a second-hand President, you know."

Traveling Deadhead—Mr. Lincoln had several reasons for not admiring ex-President Tyler, and a mention of him on one occasion brought out an anecdote. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the presidency," said Mr. Lincoln, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On 'Bob's' making known his errand, that official promptly informed him that his road did not run special trains for the President. 'What,' said Bob, 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers; 'and if you will only bring your father here in that shape, you shall have the best train on the road.'"

A Presidential Blondin—Reply to Fault-Finders at Executive Mansion. "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The Government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

Quoting Scripture—Speech at Chicago, Ill., July 10, 1858. "My friend has said that I am a poor hand to quote Scripture. I will try it again, however. It is said in one of the admonitions of our Lord: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' The Saviour, I suppose, did not expect any human creature could be perfect as the Father in Heaven; but he said: 'As your Father in Heaven is perfect, be ye also perfect.' He set that up as a standard, and he who did most in reaching that standard, attained the highest degree of moral perfection. So I say in relation to the principle that all men are created equal, let it be as nearly reached as we can. If we cannot give freedom to every creature, let us do nothing that will impose slavery upon any other creature."

The Truth is Mighty.

"I was once traveling with a friend from the country up to town," relates James Payn, "in company with two very stout old ladies in deepest black. I had heard that new crapes gave out an unpleasant odor, but I could not have believed it to possess such ambition (as Mark Twain calls it) as their crapes. It was stifling, and grew worse and worse; it was a cold day in November, but I was obliged to ask permission to put down the window. My friend and I took whiffs at it, like the poor wretches in the Black Hole of Calcutta. We thought it a selfish thing in those women to wear such garments. However, we concealed our emotion as well as we could, and it seemed to us that the poor things were not unconscious of the inconvenience they were causing us. They sniffed a little, too, and when we made that proposal about the window, said: 'By all means,' as though they also would be glad of a little air. It was an hour before we stopped at the first station, where my friend and I quickly got out, and taking our luggage from under the seat, escaped into another carriage. Here we interchanged opinions upon new crapes and its wearers pretty freely. 'I smell it now,' I said. 'So do I,' he answered faintly; 'we shall probably always smell it.' Presently it got so much worse that it was absurd to attribute it to any effect of memory. 'By Jingo!' exclaimed my friend; 'I know what it is.' He stooped down, snatched a basket from under the seat and threw it out of the window. 'I told Tom that pheasant was too far gone to travel,' he said plaintively."

At the Intelligence Office.

Mrs. de Peyster (engaging a servant)—What nationality are you, Norah? Norah—Sure, O'm an American, Mum. Mrs. de P.—What kind of American? Norah—Faith and O! guess you'd call me an Irish-American. Mrs. de P.—Then you will not suit me, as I want a pure American. Norah—O! didn't know there were any, Mum. Mrs. de P. (haughtily)—I am one. Norah—Oh, it's beggin' your pardon O! am, but O! never should have thought it; yes don't look a bit like an Indian, Mum.

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Thanks Due to Whalers.

How Their Stiffened Joints Have Aided Science.

The Peruvian Indian and Barbarous Asiatics also come in for a share of the Praise—The Wonderful Development that Has Followed the Whalers' Discovery—What science owes the Scientific.

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that medicine owes to the unscientific most of the valuable remedies used for the cure of disease. We received quinine from the Peruvian Indian, opium from the barbarous Asiatics and Cod-liver Oil from ignorant whalers who, because it softened leather, thought it would also soften joints stiffened with rheumatism.

These whalers used Cod-liver Oil externally before they tried taking it internally, but when they took it internally they found it did them more good, and, strange to say, Cod-liver Oil is probably the best remedy to-day for chronic rheumatism. The medical world realizes this fact and prescribes Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil almost universally for this complaint.

In 1754, one hundred and forty years ago, the first treatise was written on the value of Cod-liver Oil as a cure for rheumatism by a Doctor Perceval. Seventy-five years later—1829—an article was published showing that Cod-liver Oil was good for skin diseases due to rheumatism, and in 1843, about fifty years ago, the oil came into use as a cure for consumption.

Thus for two hundred years at least Cod-liver Oil has been steadily gaining ground as a cure for disease. It may have been in use for even a longer period, but it can be traced back two centuries with absolute certainty. It is within recent years, however, that it has developed a wide scope and scientists have learned its true nature and many uses. It cannot now be said that physicians have really reasoned out the "why" of all its beneficial effects, but experience has revealed some of its underlying principles and science is still at work trying to determine the reason for some of its remarkable results.

About twenty-five years ago physicians came to the unanimous opinion that in order to realize the full benefits of Cod-liver Oil it must be taken in the form of an emulsion. The illustration of this principle is to be found in the use of butter-fat. It is perfectly clear that to get the greatest benefit from butter-fat it should be taken in its emulsified form of cream. To eat raw butter is to upset the stomach and derange digestion, whereas if taken in cream the nourishing properties of the butter-fat are assimilated without effort.

Exactly this principle applies to Cod-liver Oil. The raw oil is likely to upset the stomach and excite nausea, but in the form of Scott's Emulsion it is natural, easy on the most delicate stomach, and its taste is completely disguised.

But Messrs. Scott & Bowne, the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion, have done more than make a perfect emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. They have combined the emulsified oil with the Hypophosphites of lime and soda, thus adding to the potency of each of these valuable constituents. The Hypophosphites form a basis for healthy bone development, assist in the construction of healthy tissue and are a great tonic for the nervous system. Indeed, these Hypophosphites alone are a great factor in toning up the system and warding off disease.

This happy combination, therefore, of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, as found in Scott's Emulsion, is the best possible nutrient to overcome the many ailments where a loss of flesh, or diseased or depleted blood is indicated. The uses for Scott's Emulsion comprise such forms of wasting as consumption, scrofula, anemia and chronic rheumatism, and the wasting of children. Scott's Emulsion is the most efficient nourishment that can be taken by children in addition to their ordinary food. It presents the principle of milk in a most concentrated and easy form for assimilation, and combines with these also materials for solid flesh and healthy bones.

Scott's Emulsion has completely revolutionized the administration of Cod-liver Oil, and multiplied its usefulness by making it a practical and efficient remedy in cases where the plain oil could not be taken. All druggists sell Scott's Emulsion.

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Ada—I don't believe in short engagements. Marry in haste, you know, and repent at leisure. Ida—Yes; but in long engagements, the leisure may come before the ceremony and the repentance may be on the wrong side.

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Lady Gushington—My brougham is at the door, captain; can I drive you anywhere? The captain—Oh! no, no; thank you immensely! Truth is, I'm going the other way.

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NO ADVANCE
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CURED

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... At PETROLIA, Ont. ...

Mr. LOUIS WAGNER of Quebec City, Recorder's office, City Hall, says: The Hon. E. A. Dery, Judge of the Recorder's Court of this city, passed many compliments on my speaking in court yesterday. I have had as yet not the slightest trouble. His Worship the Mayor of Quebec City desires you to add to your list of references his name, saying that he knew me as a very bad stammerer and stammerer, and that after being but eight days in your school I returned home completely cured. Refer also if you wish to Mr. C. J. L. La Fance, City Treasurer; Mr. Arthur Delisle, M.P.P., Quebec City; Dr. J. E. Boule, Darguillon street, Quebec City.

Mr. LORNE CURRIE (machinist), Ottawa, says: I tried two other institutions and received not the slightest benefit. I was with Mr. Lewis in Petrolia eight days, and returned home entirely cured. Since my first day at his Institute I have not had the slightest fear of my old trouble.

Mr. W. H. STOREY, Glove Manufacturer, Acton, says: My Grandson, Fred H. Storey, can now read with the greatest ease and deliberation. So perfectly adapted was my method to his case that he has never stammered since his lesson.

Mr. FRED H. STOREY says: If there are any who doubt your ability to cure stammering, refer them to Dr. Uren, Mr. J. B. Pearson (Reeve), Mr. I. Mathews (Postmaster), W. H. Storey & Son, or to any business or professional man in Acton, as everyone knew me to be a stammerer.

From THE PETROLIA TOPIC: Mr. Fred Storey delivered a speech before a large audience before his departure from Petrolia without the slightest hesitancy of speech.

MAJOR-GENERAL N. C. WHITE of Point Huron, Michigan, says: I take pleasure in stating that my son, Hugh T. White, has never stammered or stuttered once since his return home, and I believe it has opened for him a future he could not have reached otherwise.

Mr. HUGH T. WHITE of Port Huron, says: I have never since my return home had the least fear of stammering. I find also I can answer my Latin in school without any difficulty of speech.

Mr. JOHN HARTLEY of Oil Springs, Ont., says: I am happy to say that my son Arthur is a perfect cure, and I can heartily recommend anyone to your school who has difficulty of speech.

Mr. ARTHUR HARTLEY, Oil Springs, says: When I entered the Lewis Phonometric Institute at Petrolia, I was practically dumb, but have never stammered since my first day's instructions.

From THE PETROLIA TOPIC: Mr. Hartley's cure was nothing short of a miracle. Several of our prominent citizens were witness to this remarkable cure.

From THE PETROLIA ADVERTISER: Mr. Hartley, when he came to Petrolia, was the most pitiful sight we have witnessed in some time. His efforts to speak were both painful and disgusting.

Mr. ALLEN HENDERSON of Glendenny, Manitoba, says: I had stammered sometimes so badly I could not make myself understood, but Mr. Lewis gave me almost instantaneous relief. I have seen Mr. Lewis make some other wonderful cures.

Mr. JOHN THOMAS MOORE, employed by the Imperial Oil Company, Petrolia, says: I stammered so badly at times I would get purple in the face. Mr. Riddle, the foreman, will tell you I could not ask leave of absence to be cured. I have never stammered once since my first day's instruction, nor have I had the least fear of stammering since I left the school. I had previously tried in both Europe and this country to find relief.

From THE PETROLIA TOPIC: The recitation given by Mr. John Thomas Moore at the At Home given by Court Imperial, No. 8092, A. O. F., was a surprise party to many of those present, as he had always been known there as a stammerer of the most severe type. We did not notice the slightest indication of his old trouble.

PROF. GEORGE B. HYNSON, Principal of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia, Pa., the oldest established school of voice culture in America, says in a letter to Mr. Lewis, August 31st, 1894: "I shall send anyone in need of such a specialist to you."

Mr. J. H. STEVENSON of Glencoe says: I had stammered my whole life; now I can talk with perfect ease and freedom.

ADDITIONAL REFERENCES.

Geo. Moncrief, M.P.P., Q.C., Petrolia; A. T. Gurd, M.P.P., Mayor of Petrolia; Silver Bank Co., Wellsville, Ohio; Mr. Wm. Clyde, M.A., Petrolia; Mr. J. J. Bell, B.A., Petrolia; the Medical Fraternity, Petrolia; the Legal Profession, Petrolia.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 21st day of February next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.
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- 28 -
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Linen Folding Chairs and Tables in ANY QUANTITY
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The accommodation in connection with the above hall is of the highest order, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, ventilated by Electric Fans, large Dining-room and Kitchen with range; also sitting and dressing rooms on the same floor. For full particulars apply to

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LORGNETTES—
SPECTACLES—
EYE GLASSES—

Davis Bros.
JEWELERS
130 & 132 Yonge Street

Social and Personal.

Dr. H. Gordon Forbes and daughter, of Springfield, Mass., are in the city. Miss Forbes will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher have returned to the Elliott House, where Mrs. Fletcher will be at home to her friends second, third and fourth Thursdays.

Mrs. J. D. Kemmell Shaw will receive her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday next at 82 Wellesley street.

Mrs. G. Frederic Duggan has removed from 515 Bloor street west to 179 Beverley street, where she is at home to her friends on Wednesdays.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bolte gave a very pretty blue and white dinner at which covers were laid for sixteen.

The lady patronesses of the Mendelssohn Choir are: Mesdames G. T. Blackstock, Macdonald, Dickson, Cawthra and Arthur. Major Cosby is the president. The Beethoven Trio

H. E. CLARKE & CO., 105 King St. West



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DO YOU USE B. & A. Wash Silks?

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Special . . . Reduction Sale

101 Yonge St.

WE have begun the new year determined that our sales during 1895 shall be the largest in our history. We have marked down all our fine furs to cost price. If you are thinking of buying furs, call, and it will please us to quote prices.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

101 Yonge Street

will play and the concert promises to draw the smartest audience of the season next Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wragge gave a couple of dinners last week.

Mrs. Arthurs gave a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at Ravenswood, at which covers were laid for eighteen.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pipon gave a pretty dinner on Thursday of last week, to about a dozen friends.

Mrs. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a dinner on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Boddy gave a luncheon for Mrs. Lapham on Wednesday. Covers were laid for twelve.

Mrs. Hoyle of Lowther avenue gave a tea on Wednesday and a dinner on Friday, last week.

Colonel and Mrs. Otter gave a dinner at Stanley Barracks on Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a luncheon to a dozen ladies on Tuesday last.

Commodore and Mrs. Boswell gave a beautiful dinner party at their new home on Thursday evening.

The first dance of the Octagon Club was held with great success in the Art Gallery on Tuesday evening. The young people looked as if they meant to thoroughly enjoy every moment of the four hours to which the dance was limited. The Art Gallery was rather over

Fire and Water

Having slightly damaged some of our

Finest

...TEAS...

We are clearing them all at

HALF PRICE

			Regular Price.	Selling at
Over 500 lbs	our Best Tea	80c	lb. 38c lb.
" 650 "	" Fine "	60c	lb. 31c lb.
" 1000 "	" Good "	40c	lb. 25c lb.
" 1300 "	" " "	40c	lb. 21c lb.
" 200 "	" Various "	30c to 50c lb.	17c lb.
" 300 "	" " "	30c to 40c lb.	10c lb.

MICHIE & CO.

7 King Street West

This sale is for cash only, and will last for ten days.

warm, though I am told steam was quite turned off in the early afternoon. About one hundred and thirty guests accepted the hospitality of the new club, which takes its name

...DIRECTIONS...

FOR USING THE

New Skein Holder

Cut the skein through and through, at the tag end, and cut off the knot; then pull a single thread, as shown in the cut. If a double length needleful is required, cut through knotted part of skein only, and then pull loop at same end.



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SATIN SLIPPERS IN ALL SHADES
At less than cost of import. I have a full line of Tan and Black Skating Boots at Popular Prices.

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Evening Slippers for Ladies

Call and see them, as they are the nicest footwear ever sold in this city.

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Holiday Footwear

For Ladies' Dress Slippers in colored Sate Kid and Patent Leather. For Gent's Dress Boots and Shoes in Patent Leather and Kid. For Gent's Fancy Slippers in great variety. For the lightest and neatest perfect fitting Overshoes for ladies and gentle go to the celebrated emporium of

H. & C. BLACKFORD
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from the number of its organizers, eight young men, who spared no pains to ensure the success of the initial reunion. Refreshments were served at a buffet in the class-room and a very spirited programme was played by the Italians and danced *con amore* by everyone. A few of those present were: Mrs. Dixon, in black and cream; Mrs. White, in a pretty brocade; Miss Trolley of Boston, a very pretty girl, in black and pink; Miss Martha Dixon, looking very sweet in dark skirt and shell pink waist; Mrs. Irwin wore a rich fawn corded silk with touches of ruby velvet; Miss Irene Hadley danced like a fairy in a white and green frock.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Baines are home again, and I am glad to learn that Mr. Baines is very much better, and hope soon to chronicle his complete recovery.

Mr. J. D. Nichol of the Bank of Hamilton in Lucknow was in the city last week on a

visit to his sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Morrison. The was also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stegmann of Carlton street.

The Academy of Music will be dark next week. Felix Morris will play at the Grand first half of the week.

Miss Edith Topping, B.A., of Woodstock is visiting in Buffalo, the guest of her brother, Mr. L. E. Topping of Gies & Co.

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Established 1844

Glass Tableware

12 Patterns (open stock) to select from

...ORDERS FOR MATCHINGS...

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets
Glass, &c.

JUNOR & IRVING 49 King St. East
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb
Births.

LOUNT—Petersboro, Mrs. F. A. Lount—a daughter.
MCLELLAND—Jan. 3, Mrs. F. H. Mclelland—a son.
MACBELL—Jan. 1, Mrs. H. T. Macbell—a son.
COWAN—Napawee, Mrs. G. H. Cowan—a daughter.
KERBY—Jan. 6, Mrs. G. W. Kerby—a daughter.
BROCK—India, Dec. 1, Mrs. George Brock—a son.
DENOVAN—Jan. 8, Mrs. Allan Denovan—a son.
TYRRELL—Jan. 2, Mrs. E. N. Tyrrell—a son.
PEAREN—Jan. 6, Mrs. J. M. Pearen—a son.
LEROY—Jan. 4, Mrs. E. B. Leroy—a son.

Marriages.

MACARTHUR—WOODBRIDGE—Jan. 5, A. Douglas MacArthur to Lillian S. G. Woodbridge.
BRIGGS—CAMPBELL—Jan. 2, Harry W. Briggs to Laura Campbell.
LYNCH—LYNCH—Jan. 8, Jasper Foulkes Lynch to Georgina A. Lynch.
TURNER—COX—Dec. 26, James Turner to L. S. Cox.

Deaths.

BOWERY—Jan. 6, Robert Bowery, aged 35.
MACVICAR—Jan. 7, Isabella Macvicar.
MCDOUGALL—Jan. 7, Ruthie McDougall, aged 77.
SHANNON—Jan. 7, Hon. S. L. Shannon, aged 78.
DENISON—Jan. 8, Capt. Edwin P. Denison.
BOARE—Jan. 2, Frances B. Boare.
DE GRUCHY—Jan. 3, Philip De Gruchy.
WALKER—Jan. 9, Sidney H. Walker, aged 21.
TAYLOR—Jan. 7, William M. Taylor, aged 32.

DR. G. L. BALL Tel. 8138
DENTIST
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. Ball's late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

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HAVE LOW RATES

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Ottawa...

Carnival

January 21 to 26, 1895

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Mediterranean, the Orient and the Holy Land
Express Steamer La Touraine leaves New York Feb. 10.
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Next General P. O., Toronto.
A. FORGET, General Agent, New York.